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THIRD SERIES

MY EARLY DAYS IN IOWA

BY ABBIE MOTT BENEDICT

PINEDALE FARM

Casey, Iowa, March 6, 1929.

Edgar R. Harlan,
Curator of the Historical Department of Iowa,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Honored Sir:

My brother, Frederick E. Benedict of Oak Park, Ill., has edited and prepared duplicate copies of a typewritten pamphlet entitled "My Early Days in Iowa" written by our pioneer mother, Mrs. Abbie A. Benedict, for her children. He has very kindly offered to present an extra copy to the Historical Department of Iowa, providing I would arrange for its acceptance there. The account deals with her early childhood life in Maine (1844); the family emigration to Iowa (1855); life in the Quaker settlement at Springwater, Winneshek County, Iowa, until 1869, when they came to western Iowa by ox team and took a homestead in Clay County; the first few years in a sod shanty with blizzards and prairie fires to contend with; and such subsequent events and emigrations leading up until 1895.

We feel that the account is so typical of the unrecorded experiences of thousands of Iowa pioneer families that the more or less personal and family matters dealt with might well be overlooked in the graphic presentation of the vast drama.

If a work of this kind would be acceptable to the Historical Department of Iowa, please give the matter your attention and notify me with whatever personal instructions you might deem necessary.

Very truly yours,

WILBER G. BENEDICT,

HISTORICAL, MEMORIAL AND ART DEPARTMENT OF IOWA

EDGAR R. HARLAN, CURATOR

Des Moines, April 10, 1929.

Mr. Wilber G. Benedict,
Casey, Iowa.

Dear Mr. Benedict:

Your letter of March 6 has remained unanswered since I have been overwhelmed with duties connected with the General Assembly.

I wish to say that we surely desire the pamphlet written by your mother, Mrs. Abbie A. Benedict. It is not a month since we had a visit from Carl Sandberg, the writer on Lincoln subjects, who examined many of the materials we have resembling this story of your mother's, and who said to us that such materials had in them more help to the literary man than all the biographies of our governors and presidents. Individually, I have a passion to see and feel the experiences of just such people as your mother. So please send the pamphlet at your early convenience.

Sincerely yours,

E. R. HARLAN.

PINEDALE FARM

Casey, Iowa, April 15, 1929.

Mr. F. E. Benedict,
820 S. Kenilworth Ave.,
Oak Park, Ill.

Enclosed you will find Mr. Edgar R. Harlan's response to my letter of March 6 extending your generous offer of a copy of our mother's booklet "My Early Days in Iowa" to the Historical Department of Iowa. This certainly opens the way for its acceptance there, which was the part you wanted me to look after. I could say that I have not only heard Mr. Harlan speak over the radio as well as from the platform, but I have met him personally, and if he has one hobby more than another it is interest in things relating to early Iowa history.

Best regards, your brother,

WILBER G. BENEDICT.

My great grandfather, whose name I do not remember, was a sailor, who retired from the sea and moved back from the coast to where land was cheaper, and settled down near Temple Mills, Maine. This must have been late in the eighteenth century, shortly after the Revolution.

My grandfather, Adam Mott, married Rachel Davis, and lived

on a farm three miles north of East Wilton, and six miles west of Farmington, Maine. Their children were:

Mary Mott	Married	Wing
Jacob Mott	Married (widow with two children)	
Joseph Mott (my father)	Married Anna Alma Bean (my mother)	
Patience Mott	Married Frederick Swan	

My grandfather, Adam Mott, was a very large, fat man weighing over three hundred pounds. He was called "The biggest Whig in Maine." He did no manual labor, not even hitching up his horse or bringing in his wood. He had a horse and light wagon and went to town nearly every day.

Mary Mott married a man by the name of ——— Wing, and had gone away with him to live. Jacob Mott lived with us sometimes, but a year or so before we left Maine he married a widow who had two children, and lived at Phillips, to the north of us. Patience Mott married Frederick Swan and lived about fifteen miles to the southeast, at New Sharon, Maine. I think they had ten children. They used to come to "preparative meetings" at the Quaker meeting house one quarter of a mile northwest of Grandfather's house, and were always entertained at Mother's.

My maternal grandfather was James Bean, who had married Hannah Roberts, at Gilmantown, Belknap County, New Hampshire, and lived there for many years. He was a farmer, and well educated, and taught school much of the time. All the Bean children were born at Gilmantown, New Hampshire. Their names were:

Joel Bean	Married Louise Thompson
Eunice Bean	Married Enoch Hardy
Anna Alma Bean (my mother)	Married Joseph Mott (my father)
Abigail Bean	Married Alfred Kelly
Lydia Ann Bean	Did not marry
Louis Bean	Married Azariah Gifford
James Robert Bean	Married (?)
Hannah Bean	Married Henry D. Earl
Lucretia Bean	Married Thomas Truman

The Bean family were inclined to be tall and slight in build. They were of an intellectual type of mind and well educated. Uncle Joel Bean was a good mechanic and had worked at build-

ing mills. I remember that mother had a cheese press that he had made. It was in the old work kitchen where cheese was made in the summer time. Eunice Bean and Abigail Bean were married when I was a girl and were living not far away. Lydia Ann Bean never married, but lived at home and did sewing for the family. Uncle James R. Bean went to California in 1849 during the gold excitement, but he returned just before we started for Iowa, in 1855. My grandfather, James Bean, moved from Gilmantown, New Hampshire, to a farm one mile east of East Wilton, Franklin County, Maine, where they lived in a large double house painted yellow. At the time the Bean family moved to Maine the neighbors thought "there was a remarkably fine bunch of daughters."

It was here that my father married my mother and at first lived on his father's farm. Their children were:

Rachel Mott	Married Edwin Benedict
Abigail Mott	Died in infancy
Abbie Anna Mott (author)	Married Albert Aden Benedict
James Mott	Married Bertha Christian ¹
Lucy Ellen Mott	Died at Springwater
Clement Mott	Married May Rooney

I think my father and mother lived at Grandfather Mott's when my sister, Rachel Mott, was born in May, 1839. She was named after Grandmother Rachel Davis Mott. I do not know where the little sister, Abigail, was born on January 12, 1843. The little one was smothered in bed when a few weeks old. I used to wonder where I would have been if she had lived. Father seemed to take more care of me on account of her loss, and I was always following him around.

My father had taken an orphan boy to raise named George W. Russell. His time was out about 1853, as he reached the age of twenty-one years shortly before we left for Iowa. Probably about 1843 my father and mother moved to East Wilton and lived in a small cottage just east of the large yellow house of Grandfather Bean's. It was here in this small cottage that I was born on January 11, 1844.

When I was a baby my father moved back to Adam Mott's to

¹Present head of "Mott & Co.," Decorah, Iowa.

run his father's farm. This was three miles north of East Wilton and two and a half miles south of Temple Mills, where we got our mail and had corn and wheat ground. We did marketing of cheese, butter, etc. and most of our buying of goods at Farmington, a much larger town six miles to the east of us. It was here at this house of Grandfather Mott's that I spent my girlhood days before my folks moved to Iowa in 1855.

Whether I can remember anything (of the life in Maine) satisfactorily or not, I am doubtful. You cannot expect very much from a girl only ten years old. I was taught to knit when I was five years old, and my first lessons in sewing were at Grandmother's knee. She died when I was about three years old. I remember one winter while living at Grandfather Mott's farm that we rode to school about one and one-fourth miles away in a one-horse sleigh, and then turned the horse around and he would go directly home. I think there were four children who rode to school, Rachel, James, George Russell (the adopted brother) and I.

Uncle Jacob Mott killed a fox with a club one time when going across lots through a stretch of woods to meeting. He brought it home, and did not attend meeting that day. All farm work was done with oxen. I remember going with father and George Russell to gather maple sap in a barrel every spring. They boiled it down in the big round vat set beside the big chimney in the old work kitchen. They used large iron kettles for the last boiling, making maple cakes; stirred sugar and molasses to supply the two families for a year. They also salted a barrel of pork and made a barrel of soft soap with lye made from home (wood) ashes. Dipping tallow candles to last a year was another big job. I think a little beeswax was added to make them harder. Honey and beeswax were salable products, and father had many hives of bees. The candle wicking was bought. Mother spun woolen yarn for knitting hose, and all were knit by hand in those days.

There were mountains not far away. Old Saddle Back Mountain was many miles away to the northwest, but we could see it if the atmosphere was right. Old Blue, our mountain, was near by, only six miles to the west of us. Here we went every

year to gather blueberries. There was also a lake, Webb's Pond, to the south of Old Blue where we used to go to fish and to get sand for scouring tables and floors with, using soft soap. I remember of going to the mountains to gather blueberries with my folks once, and leaving our horse and wagon at the foot and climbing up the steep slope hunting for the best patches. Mother dried a lot for winter use.

Prohibition and antislavery were the leading topics of the times among the Quakers in those days. The *Friends' Review* was read by nearly every one and the *Maine Farmer* was published at Augusta, the capital. Aunt Lucretia Bean, who was a teacher at Fall River, Massachusetts, brought home a book written by Harriet Beecher Stowe, and read it to us by the fireplace. It was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Some claim it was the cause of the Civil War. I have heard that Harriet Beecher Stowe and her husband had lived in Kentucky. He was a preacher the same as was Henry Ward Beecher.

Monthly and quarterly meetings were held at Vasselborn, Winthrop or Hallowell alternately. It was some thirty to forty miles, and Father and Mother went when possible. I went once with Mother, wearing a dress with low neck and short sleeves. A two-horse rig was never seen on the roads unless hitched to the stage coach. There were bricks on the stove at the meeting-house in the winter time and each woman took one to warm her feet when taking her seat.

Any of the Bean family coming four miles to meeting always took dinner with us. There were two meetings in the week, "First day" and "Fifth day." Mother would have the big brick oven hot with brown bread, beans and Indian pudding, or a big kettle of boiled dinner, pork and all kinds of vegetables. Mince pie and doughnuts in the winter time were kept ready to warm any minute. I wonder that mother lived as long as she did with the hard work she had to do in Maine. She had spells of asthma after she was fourteen years old.

Sometime during our stay at Grandfather's house his daughter, Mary Mott Wing, and her family came and lived in a room of the chamber. How long, I do not know, but she died in that room of cancer. As there was a short turn in the stairway the

coffin was lowered from a window. Likely I was four or five years old at the time, but it is one of the things that I always remembered. Grandmother Rachel Davis Mott died about 1848, when I was about three years old, and Grandfather Adam Mott married a second wife whose name I do not remember. They lived by themselves in one front room, and had one of the south bedrooms for a guest room, passing through our kitchen to get to it.

Grandfather Adam Mott had borrowed money from his son-in-law, Frederick Swan, to pay some debts with, and had deeded his farm over to his daughter, Patience Mott Swan, retaining a life lease. Therefore, there was no incentive for my father to remain in Maine. My mother did no more cooking for Grandfather after his second marriage. His second wife was not highly regarded by our family, as she was not a Friend (i. e. a Quaker) and was considered lower class in every way. Neither was Grandfather Adam Mott a Friend, as he had been disowned for some irregularity of conduct. Many things got on the nerves of my mother during the latter part of our stay at Grandfather's and she wanted a home of her own.

Grandfather Bean had had a stroke of "numb palsey" so he and Grandmother Bean had sold their farm near East Wilton, Maine (the large yellow house), and had gone to live with his daughter, Aunt Abigail Kelly, at Rochester, New Hampshire. Here he died in 1854.

In 1853, when the Iowa fever struck the Bean and Hardy families, my father and mother planned on going west with them. My father sold his forty head of sheep and cattle and got ready to start. Just before they were expected to start my sister, Rachel Mott, was taken sick with the measles while attending an antislavery convention at the East Wilton church. My father caught the measles from her, as he had never had the disease. Before he recovered the Joel Bean and Enoch Hardy families had left for Iowa, in the spring of 1854, leaving Father behind. So his Iowa trip was postponed. After Sister Rachel recovered she went to Providence, Rhode Island, to Friends' Boarding School, where some of the Beans had attended years before. Who she went with I do not know. It may have been one of the Swans.

The Joel Bean and Enoch Hardy families left Maine for Iowa probably in May, 1854. Enoch Hardy had signed the pledge and had kept it about a year, but on his way to Iowa he began drinking again and was "left behind." Uncle Joel Bean cared for Aunt Eunice and her children till Uncle Enoch got over his spree. They finally arrived at Muscatine, Iowa, and settled there. During the summer of 1854 the cholera came raging northwards along the Mississippi River following the steamboats, which were having boom times. First Uncle Joel Bean's wife died of the cholera, then Uncle Enoch Hardy. This news scared the folks back east.

The Kellys at Rochester, New Hampshire, talked that if we would wait another year they would go to Iowa with us, and as Mother wanted to visit her mother, Hannah Roberts Bean, and several of her uncles, our folks decided to go to Rochester, New Hampshire, and live awhile there before going to Iowa. We left Farmington, Maine, May 10, 1854, taking the stage at West Wilton for Livermore Falls, where the stage connected with the railroad at the time.

While at Rochester, New Hampshire, we lived in a rented house. Father worked awhile in a sawmill at Gonic, where there was a Friends' meetinghouse that stood near the railroad track. We used to walk down the track to go to meeting, as it was a half mile nearer that way than by the regular road. Grandmother Bean did our cooking part of the time. Mother bound blankets there some weeks. Aunt Lydia Bean worked in a woolen factory at Rochester. I attended school.

Our folks saw an article in the *Friends' Review*² describing a Friends' settlement in Iowa at Hesper and Springwater, north of Decorah in Winneshiek County. They decided to go there, as land could be bought from the government at \$1.25 per acre. In May, 1855, my father, Joseph Mott, left Rochester, New Hampshire, for that part of Iowa, to be followed in the fall by the rest of the family. In Iowa while waiting for his family my father worked in the sawmill at Springwater for Ansel Rogers. It was the old style, "up-and-down" style, of saw used then. He also got some land six miles north of Springwater.

²See *Friends' Review*, 1855, Vol. VIII, Page 455, March 3, 1855. See also *The Quakers of Iowa*, by Louis Thomas Jones, Iowa State Historical Society, 1914.

I am sure that Grandfather Adam Mott came to Rochester to see us folks once while my father was in Iowa looking for a location. Uncle James R. Bean had also returned from California from the gold seeker's trip, and was visiting his mother at Rochester and seeking a wife. As he wanted to see Iowa, he piloted my mother and her children to their future home in Iowa.

We left Rochester, New Hampshire, in October, 1855, when I was eleven years old. We went by railroad, going to Boston, where I saw Boston Bay, the nearest I ever came to seeing the Atlantic Ocean. On our way we saw Niagara Falls, crossing the suspension bridge into Canada. While we were riding through Canada we saw many Negroes and their huts along the right of way. These were ex-slaves from the Southern States who had escaped into Canada via the celebrated Underground Railroad. I was sea sick some of the time from riding so far on the cars, and had to lie down. This may account for my mind not registering more of the details of this trip. We must have gone through Detroit and Chicago, but I have no recollection of it.

We arrived at Dunleith, Illinois, on the Mississippi River just opposite to Dubuque, Iowa. This was the end of the railroad in 1855. We then went by steamboat to Lansing, which was the market town of northeastern Iowa in those days. From thence we went overland by stage coach to Decorah. This town was booming and every place was full of immigrants. The New Winneshiek Hotel had just been built, but not quite finished. Every room was full, every bed occupied, and many sleeping on the floor. We spent that night sleeping on the floor of the New Winneshiek. The next day we went on to Springwater by a livery team, where we arrived in October, 1855.

As stated before, when he first arrived in Iowa, and before his family came, my father got a quarter section of prairie land six miles north of Springwater. However, Ansel Rogers persuaded him to get nearer "town" and helped him to trade this land for one hundred and sixty acres located on Canoe Creek three-quarters of a mile west of the sawmill, also twenty acres more of timber land on the south side of Canoe Creek. It was on this land at the intersection of five roads³ on the north side of Canoe

³Near the southeast corner of Section 23, Canoe Township, and about six miles northeast from Decorah.

Creek near a small pond that my father built his house after we came in October, 1855. He used green lumber just as it came from the sawmill. There was frost on the wall behind the bed in the kitchen all winter until next spring. It was years before he had shingles split and shaved to cover the roof. For nearly five years we used a ladder to climb to the chamber above.

Father made some long four-legged stools. Then he laid some boards on the two stools for bedsteads. We had three of those beds. Mother made a good supply of bedding, blankets and a number of feather beds. We tacked up a sheet behind the kitchen bed and hung sheets in front for curtains, and hung a valance all around underneath the bed. My father bought a small cookstove and several chairs from Aaron Street to furnish his new house, as about this time Aaron Street and his family sold out and went down the Mississippi River to Louisiana to chop wood for supplying the steamboats with fuel. His daughter, Mary Street, got so she could chop a cord of wood per day. They soon returned to Springwater, however.

Before we came to Iowa Ezra King had married Eunice Street, a daughter of Aaron Street, and was living in a log house he had built near a spring on the side of a hill about a quarter of a mile to the northeast of where my father built his house. I stayed some at Ezra King's to tend baby in the fall of 1855 before we got into our new home. Many years later, on account of my mother's health not being good on the low ground near Canoe Creek, my father moved into the old house built by Ezra King on the south side of the hill. Here he lived for many years with his second wife and daughter Annis. Here he died. The site of the old Ezra King log house is the present home (1922) of my half-sister, Annis Mott Ellingson, the sole survivor of Springwater still living in the vicinity. The little Quaker community of Springwater of early days has now entirely disappeared from the map.

As a small girl I got much happiness out of the twenty acres of woods belonging to my father on the south side of Canoe Creek. Here I gathered flowers, gooseberries, plums and wild crab apples. It was also in this woods that my father got out saw logs and sold the timber in Decorah. Our old desk, still in

my possession, is made of cherry lumber that my father sold Charles Goltz, a cabinetmaker in Decorah in early days. We bought the desk in 1875 at the time we moved from Bluffton to the Blackmarr house on Mechanic Street in Decorah.

The old community of Springwater largely centered around the sawmill of early days. This had been built on Canoe Creek by Beard & Cutler in 1850 or 1852. Ansel Rogers, who first lived in Hesper, later bought the Springwater sawmill and moved his family there. In 1855, the year we came to Iowa, he built a gristmill on the west side of the dam. My mother helped to make the gauze bolt for sifting the flour after she came in October. Ansel Rogers was a leader among the Quakers who were settled in and around Springwater, and his home, a short distance southeast of the mill, was a center of activity in these early days. Friends' meeting was held in the front room of their log house. We went to meetings there twice a week, and to Sunday school on Sunday.

Ansel Rogers' first wife had died in Michigan before he came to Iowa, leaving four sons, Silas, Nathan, Daniel, and Alonzo, all grown up in 1855, when my folks came to Iowa. Ansel Rogers married Cynthia Benedict Grissel, a widow whose husband had died in Ohio, leaving her with a daughter, Lydia Ann Grissel. Nathan Rogers had been sent away to Friends' Boarding School, Richmond, Indiana, that first winter (1855-56) in an attempt to break up a match between him and Lydia Ann Grissel, but the attempt was not successful and they were married in "Quaker style" in the front room of Ansel Rogers' house. Ansel Rogers always had a crowd of workmen to cook for, and my sister, Rachel Mott, worked for them some time.

On August 31, 1856, Albert Aden Benedict arrived in Springwater. He came by team with his brother-in-law, Lorenzo D. Blackmarr, who had married his sister, Ann E. Benedict, in Ohio. They brought their daughter, Rose Blackmarr, with them. Another man with a second team came with them. Henry N. Chappel had married Matilda Benedict in Ohio and they also came to Iowa to live, and went on a farm north of Hesper.

In the spring of 1857 Lorenzo Blackmarr bought the gristmill at Springwater and some land near by, and he and Albert

Benedict ran the mill. In the fall of 1857 Blackmarr rented the gristmill to Aaron Street, who had returned from Louisiana. Blackmarr then went back to Ohio on a visit.

In 1857 my brother, Clement Mott, was born at Springwater.

In February, 1858, the Springwater gristmill burned down, and when Blackmarr came back from Ohio he traded the lot and house to Henry Chappel for the land half a mile north of Hesper and went there to live. Chappel moved his family to Springwater. At the same time Blackmarr sold forty acres of land to Albert A. Benedict, who later bought ten acres more on the west of Ansel Rogers at \$9.00 per acre. This land extended somewhat over the creek into the timber to the south of the creek.

In 1858 Aunt Lucretia Bean came to Iowa to live. She was a well educated woman, and taught school for some years in Iowa. In 1859 Russell Tabor, assisted by Albert Benedict, built a steam gristmill in Hesper. After this Albert Benedict was engaged in carpenter work and milling, but I do not know where. He lived with his sister, Ann Blackmarr, at Hesper, where he also attended school. The first time I ever saw him was one time when he came down from Lorenzo Blackmarr's at Hesper to visit with his sister, Cynthia Rogers, at Springwater, where we were attending meetings held in Ansel Rogers' house. I remember of going with a bobsled load of "unattached" young people to a school exhibition half a mile east of Hesper. I do not know if Albert Benedict was in this crowd of young people or not. This may have been the winter before he came to Iowa. George Holoway was the teacher there then.

George Holoway had been a schoolmate of my uncle, James R. Bean, back in Providence, Rhode Island. He came to Iowa about the time James R. Bean went to California, in 1849. At the time James R. Bean brought my mother and her family to Iowa he went over to see George Holoway who then lived on a farm about two miles west of Hesper. I feel sure that it was this Holoway farm that was bought in after years by Hamlin Garland's father when they settled near Hesper, as it is so realistically told in Hamlin Garland's book, *A Son of the Middle Border*. This Holoway place was about half way between Hesper and George Benedict's place on Looking Glass Prairie. We

used to go by there whenever we went out to Uncle George's to visit.

In 1859 I attended school for six weeks at Hesper, where I boarded at Lorenzo Blackmarr's. I stayed there and went to school with their daughter, Rose Blackmarr, for company. George Holoway was the teacher. When Albert Benedict came home to Blackmarr's to go to school I returned to my home in Springwater.

The first Quaker Meetinghouse in Springwater was built about 1859 or 1860 on the north side of Canoe Creek on the north side of the road about half a mile northwest of the mill and about the same distance east of my father's house. My aunt, Lucretia Bean, taught school here for a while. I went to school to her. It was a tuition school. She was not teaching here, however, when the church burned down in 1862.

I shall not attempt to go into many details regarding community life in Springwater. That has been told so well by Mr. Edgar Odson and printed in the *Decorah Republican* in August, 1909.⁴

I remember there was lots of singing in the homes of those early days, although there was no singing in "meeting." There was no choir. My mother was one of the best singers in Springwater. My father did not sing any, but he loved to hear my mother. She sang hymns mostly. Many antislavery songs were sung at social gatherings. Charlie Gordon was one of the leaders in this. He also had a geography class which I attended.

Early in the spring of 1860 Albert Benedict built a house on his land at Springwater. He got out saw logs from the timber south of Canoe Creek. He intended this to be the finest house in Springwater. This house stood on the south side of the road and was between my father's house on the west and the old Quaker meetinghouse on the east.⁵

The prospective marriage of Albert Aden Benedict and Abbie Anna Mott was announced at a monthly meeting at Hesper. A committee was appointed to see that the rules of the Society of Friends were properly observed. I do not remember who was on that committee. There was no license law in those days, and the

⁴See appendix.

⁵This house is still standing (1929) and used as a dwelling.

only record that was kept was that kept by the church.⁶ Albert Aden Benedict and I were married in Quaker style on Wednesday, July 4, 1860, in the old Friends' Meetinghouse at Springwater. It was new then. Ours was the third wedding to take place in it. My wedding dress was of white calico with a purple figure in it. The hoop skirt was fashionable in those days and I probably wore one.⁷

Albert was dressed in a dark coat, white linen pantaloons and black boots. He wore the large kerchief tie that was the vogue at that time. I have an old daguerreotype of us both which was taken only a few days before our marriage. I was only sixteen years old and Albert about twenty-five. Albert and I stood up together on the first step of the raised platform, and each in turn repeated the words that had been adopted by the Society of Friends for the solemnization ceremony. This had been committed to memory previous to the wedding. After this ceremony was over the witnesses who were present signed our certificate of marriage and the committee later made their report at the next monthly meeting at Hesper. Our marriage certificate is framed and hangs on my wall as I write.

Following is the wording of the certificate:

WHEREAS, Albert A. Benedict of Canoe Township, in the County of Winneshiek, in the State of Iowa, son of Aden S. Benedict of Perue, Morrow County, State of Ohio, and Sarah his wife (the former deceased), and Abbie A. Mott, daughter of Joseph Mott, of Canoe Township, in the County of Winneshiek, in the State of Iowa, and Alma his wife, having declared their intentions of marriage with each other before a monthly meeting of the religious society of Friends, held at Hesper in the County of Winneshiek, in the State of Iowa, their said proposals of marriage were allowed by said meeting.

These are to certify whom it may concern: that for the full accomplishment of their said intentions, this the Fourth day of the Seventh month, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty, they, the said Albert A. Benedict and Abbie A. Mott appeared in a public meeting of the said people held at Springwater; and the said Albert A. Benedict taking the said Abbie A. Mott by the hand, declared

⁶Mrs. Benedict is mistaken in part. From the organization of the state marriage licenses were required, but exceptions were made to members of denominations having, as such, any particular mode of entering the marriage relation. However, they were required, after marriage, to make a report of it to the clerk of the court. Editor.

⁷An old daguerreotype taken at this time shows plainly that she did,

that he took her, the said Abbie A. Mott, to be his wife, promising, with divine assistance, to be unto her a loving and faithful husband, until death should separate them; and then the said Abbie A. Mott did in like manner declare that she took him, the said Albert A. Benedict, to be her husband, promising, with divine assistance, to be unto him a loving and faithful wife until death should separate them.

And moreover, they, the said Albert A. Benedict and Abbie A. Mott, she, according to the custom of marriage adopting the name of her husband, did as a further confirmation thereof, then and there to these presents set their names.

Albert A. Benedict

Abbie A. Benedict

And we, whose names are also hereunto subscribed, being present at the solemnization of the said marriage, have, as witnesses thereto set our hands the day and year above written.

[Witnesses.]

My sister, Rachel Mott, who had attended school at Providence, Rhode Island, was sixteen when we came to Iowa. She got a position teaching school south of Looking Glass Prairie and boarded around at the homes of the pupils. George Benedict's boys went to this school and she became acquainted with Edwin Benedict. They were determined to get married before we did. Edwin Benedict and Rachel Mott were married July first, 1860 (the Sunday before we were) by Justice of Peace Tilden, west of Springwater. This was quite a surprise. They went to live on a homestead in Freeborn County, Minnesota. They came back to spend the winter of 1860-61 with their parents in Iowa. Edwin hauled wood and lumber to Decorah to keep busy.

One time Albert Benedict and James Mott went to visit Ed Benedict and wife at the home in Minnesota. There was but one room in their house, and when Uncle Ed wanted to change his clothes he took them in the evening and retired "out of doors" to do it. Forever after the boys referred to "out of doors" as "Uncle Ed's bedroom." Calico curtains were sometimes expensive and very toney for pioneers, so "outside" was like Prof. Breckenridge's corn meal and mush that he furnished his pupils—"Good, wholesome and *very clean*"—quite an inducement for young Norwegians to come to attend his school from the country.

I shall not take the time to describe the exciting political cam-

paign of 1860 that resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln and the breaking out of the terrible Civil War in 1861. The sequel will show also that I had many 'little things' to think about during those years.

On Tuesday, October 15, 1861, Oscar Clinton Benedict, our first child, was born at Springwater in the new house that Albert had built for us. Our first move to Decorah (for one week) was the week Oscar was a year old (1862). We lived on Broadway just west of Lander's large brick residence. Harvey Benedict came from Ohio and took Albert's place in the Stone mill at Decorah, so we moved back to Springwater to run the Springwater mill.

In February, 1862, Mr. Epley opened the door during meeting saying that his nephew, George Epley, was found dead in the snow on the road from the Tilden schoolhouse where he was teaching. He had evidently died of heart trouble on his way to his uncle's at the Springwater mill. His uncle had started horseback to carry him clean clothes Sunday morning, when he found him where he had sat down and died the day before.

Sometime during the next month (March, 1862) the Quaker Meetinghouse at Springwater burned down. We had been at Mother's with the baby (Oscar) till the evening, and about ten we were awakened by a bright light from the east and all was ablaze. The building was being used as a school and a school-boy had put ashes in a nail keg and left it in the entry. Nathan Rogers was the teacher at the time. A public school building was put up soon after some distance to the north where Friends held meeting until the new Meetinghouse was built at Springwater the following year (1863) by Harvey Benedict. The new Meetinghouse was built across the road to the east and north of the old Ezra King house afterwards occupied by my father. A cemetery was laid out adjoining.

Early in 1863 Harvey Benedict and family went to Ohio to dispose of some land, and when they returned to Iowa Sarah Hole (Sarah Gidley Benedict Hole) came with them. She was the mother of Harvey and Albert Benedict. Sarah Hole had lost her first husband, Aden S. Benedict, about 1842 and had married again to Jonah Hole, a Quaker preacher, who had been

killed in 1862 by his being thrown from a buggy. Harvey Benedict's brother, Asa Benedict, and Susan Benedict, an adopted daughter of Harvey and Lovina Benedict, also came with them. Asa Benedict went to live with his brother-in-law, Henry Chappel. Harvey Benedict must have built the new Meetinghouse after he came back from Ohio.

On Sunday, September 6, 1863, Allard Eugene Benedict was born at Springwater. Susan Benedict was working for me at the time. Isaac Gidley bought the Springwater mill and also the land and house on the west of the creek that Henry Chappel had owned. Uncle Isaac was a brother of Sarah Hole. Albert Benedict ran the mill on shares for one year (1864).

In December, 1864, we moved to Bluffton where Albert worked in the mill there for Lyman Morse. We lived there until the following spring. On Tuesday, February 14, 1865 (Valentine Day), Florence Anne Benedict was born. She was my little valentine. In March, 1865, when Florence was three weeks old, we drove from Bluffton to Springwater in a sleigh to visit my folks. The following week Lorenzo and Ann Blackmar came down from Hesper and took home their daughter, Rose Blackmarr, who had been helping me when Florence was born.

Soon came the big flood and ice run on the river [Upper Iowa River]. It surrounded the Morse house where we lived in the north addition. We grabbed the babies, Oscar, Allard and Florence, and a loaf of bread and went up the stairs through the log part of the house where Philip and Hannah Morse lived, tearing away the sheet she had tacked over the stair door. The floor of the lean-to which we occupied was a step lower down than the log part of the house. When the water had wet about half way across our carpet it floated a big cake of ice into the yard about a rod from our door. That proved to be the high point of the flood, however, and it soon passed on.

As soon as the roads got settled in early April (1865) Henry Chappel came and moved us from Bluffton to Springwater, where we lived only one month. In April I went to see Uncle Henry D. Earle, who was very low. It was while I was here that I heard of the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln (April 14, 1865). Uncle Henry Earle died April 19, 1865, and was the

first to be laid away in the new cemetery by the new Meeting-house. I heard of Hannah Roberts Bean (my grandmother) and Sarah Hole (Albert Benedict's mother) walking near the grave, and in a year or two they were both lying near. Grandmother Hannah Roberts Bean died in October, 1865, and my mother, Anna Alma Mott, about six weeks afterwards, December 19, 1866. Sarah Hole and Henry Chappel's eldest daughter died not long after. My sister, Lucy Ellen Mott, died in October, 1868, of typhoid fever. Aunt Eunice Bean Hardy came to Springwater at the time Grandmother Bean was ill, but arrived too late to see her. Aunt Eunice died soon after, in February, 1869. It seemed as though the funerals came very frequently during this time.

In May, 1865, we rented the Stone mill at Decorah for one year. Then we made our second move to Decorah. We lived in a one-story, three-room cottage between the Ammon-Scott machine shop and the Dayton store. This house was torn down when the Tremont Hotel burned a year or two afterwards.

It was in 1865 that we bought the old Singer sewing machine from a young man by the name of Mr. A. Bradish, who was agent for it at that time. Bradish had been to California during the gold rush in 1849 and had injured his leg, and in fact was lame all his later life.

During the summer of 1865 Albert was taken sick and we moved back to Springwater. When he got better, in October, he got a team of colts and drove back and forth between Springwater and Decorah twice a week and boarded himself at the mill office, and I lived alone in Springwater with the children until the contract for the mill was up in April, 1866. We lived in Springwater and Albert ran the mill until 1869.

In the summer of 1868 Lindley Chase, John Chase and Albert Benedict took a three weeks' land seeking trip in a covered wagon, driving a team of mules. They drove in central and southwestern Iowa looking for the "Promised Land." Some places, especially one camping spot near where the town of Panora, Guthrie County, now stands, the mosquitoes nearly ate them up. The story goes that Lindley Chase started to mow some slough grass for the mules, but the mosquitoes came out so

thick he had to drop his scythe and run for the camp, and never went back after his scythe, and for all they ever knew it may be lying there yet. When they got back to Fort Des Moines they took a free ride to Oskaloosa on the new railroad, riding on the construction train. They attended the Friends' Yearly Meeting there and saw the new Meetinghouse.

In the month of May, 1869, we sold our home of sixty acres in Springwater, and in August drove overland to Clay County, Iowa, where Joseph Brownell and John Chase had located on homesteads. My brother, James Mott, went with us. We drove a covered wagon and a team of oxen called "Bootlegs" and "Tom." This was a trip that will always be remembered by our children, Oscar, Allard and Florence, although at one time it got so monotonous that little Allard teased his father to "drive where there was not so much grass and more sandhill cranes." At one of our camping places our oxen ate up our box of dried herrings during the night.

On account of every other section of the land being assigned to the railroad a man could homestead only eighty acres, so Joseph Brownell let us have half of his quarter section. Brother James Mott took his homestead to the north of us about half way between our place and the Spencer post office. The description of our homestead was east one-half of the northeast one-fourth of section twelve, township ninety-five, range thirty-seven west of the fifth principal meridian [Lincoln Township]. Our Clay County homestead was located about six miles south of Spencer Post Office and a mile northeast of Annieville Post Office and about five miles west of the big bend in the Little Sioux River.

When we arrived at our homestead Albert and James set off one of the covered wagon boxes on the ground and used the running gear of the wagon and the oxen to haul native lumber up from Sioux Rapids, about twelve miles to the south of us, to build the framework of our sod shanty, in which we spent the following winter. The wagon box with its cover was left on the ground all winter and was used as a store room. It was in here that the "half-of-beef" was frozen and kept that first winter that formed one of the elements of "sod house soup."

Our sod shanty was built fourteen feet by twenty feet square

with about seven foot eaves. It stood east and west. A heavy post was set in the ground at each end with a fork at the top into which a heavy ridge pole was placed. Posts were set at each corner and along the sides. The sides and ends were then boarded up. There was but one door and that was at the east end near the south side. There was one window in the east end and one in the middle of the south side.

Then with a prairie sod breaking plow strips of the virgin prairie sod were turned over around the building spot. This served a double purpose. The strips of sod were cut into lengths about two and a half feet long and carried to the new building, where they were laid up like brick around the outside, forming a thick wall. The roof was thatched over with long coarse slough hay. The hay was then completely covered over with a layer of sod to hold the hay thatching in place. The hay that hung down at the eaves was trimmed off even with the edge of the sod. Those who failed to do this suffered in the prairie fires that followed.

Albert made a box which extended up through the roof and on the top of this he nailed a large milk pan with a hole cut in it for the stovepipe to stick up through. This was done to keep the hay thatching away from the stovepipe and made a fairly waterproof job. The sod house had a board floor, a very unusual thing for sod houses in those early days. A hole was dug in the ground below the floor near the stove and fitted with a trap door in the floor. Here potatoes were kept during the winter, an important element that went into the famous "sod house soup." A short partition was built in the west end of the room. Our bed was on the south side of this partition, while brother James had his bed on the north side. Oscar slept with his uncle James, while the two smaller children, Allard and Florence, slept in a trundle bed that slid underneath "Uncle Jim's" bed when not in use during the day. Above the partition and over the beds was built a platform where a year's supply of flour was stored, which was bought and ground at Estherville.

Our sod house was built on a slight knoll, the ground sloping away to the north, south and west, while it was quite level away toward the east, with the Little Sioux River in the distance. Off

to the westward was a big swale or slough of bog land. A barn was built just to the southwest of the house and a haystack was placed just northwest of the barn to help protect it from the winter storms. Around the entire place were the fire guards. The fire guard consisted of two strips of plowing in the shape of a square, one outside of the other a safe distance away. The grass between these two strips of plowing was kept burned off at all times whenever there was any danger of a prairie fire. It was in this desolate, wind swept prairie sod house that we lived during the fall and winter of 1869-70.

The men folks hired a man who had a mower to cut hay, and after the hay was stacked, the sod house and barns built and the fire guards plowed around them, Albert and James drove to Estherville, twenty-five miles away, to buy wheat. They had it ground into flour there for the winter. Albert tended the mill one night to grind it. While at Estherville they visited Henry Chappel who was now on a homestead near Estherville. Merrit Chappel, their son, was working in the mill and Cynthia Chappel, their daughter, was teaching school. While the men folks were gone to Estherville and I was alone with the three children, a Mr. Grant set fire to the prairie grass, which burned a streak east to the river a mile north of us. The wind changed in the night, which made a "head fire" of the whole strip. I saw the fire coming right toward us, a red hot glare a mile or two long, a most alarming sight. Without waiting to admire the beauty of the scene I took a kettle of live coals to the northwest corner of the fire guards to start a back fire, but hardly got it started before the main prairie fire came with a roar and passed by on both sides. It burned fiercely, following the tall dry grass of the slough towards Brownell's, but it did us no damage. Some years later Henry Chappel's sod house in Estherville was burned by just such a prairie fire that got into the hay in the roof.

The following spring, on March 14, 1870, we had a feathery snow coming straight down with no wind blowing. About eleven A. M. a blinding blizzard came from the northwest which lasted for two days and nights, or until about three P. M. on the 16th. It is almost impossible to describe the desolateness and bitter cold, with the howling wind and blinding snow, of a blizzard of

early days. Modern young people never will be able to realize the terrifying aspect of such storms. I will not attempt it. A taste of such a storm is described by Hamlin Garland in *A Son of the Middle Border*, page 310.

A man about forty-five and a young fellow about sixteen and a boy of twelve had come over from Grant's to borrow our long sled which Albert and James had made from poles from the "back forty." They went after wood about five miles to the river, and all of them perished in the blizzard coming back. The boy was found next day after the blizzard, the older man in about four days, but the sixteen-year-old boy was not found until the following spring after the snow went off, some three weeks later. The older man had lived out in the mountains and must have tramped many miles in a circle before giving up. He was found east of the river, the tail of his coat only showing above the snow where he had fallen in a deep drift.

In 1870 Albert Benedict entered into partnership with a Garrett Marcellus who was located on the Little Sioux River near a bridge, to build a gristmill. They contracted for hewed timbers for the mill of Peter Moore and his father at Gillett Grove. Albert bought a lot and built a board house just west of the proposed mill site. There was a "bee" to haul the timbers from Gillett Grove. Albert went to Dubuque and bought the machinery for the mill and shipped it to Newell, which was the nearest railroad station at that time, and hauled it on wagons from there. Harvey Benedict came back with Albert to help install the machinery in the mill. During the summer I went back to the sod house and stayed the necessary time on it to prove up on the claim.

On Thanksgiving day, Thursday, November 31, 1870, while skating on the mill pond, Willie Marcellus broke through the ice and was drowned. The funeral was held in the mill building. He was an only son.

In 1871 Uncle Ed and Rachel Benedict sold their farm in Minnesota and moved to Ida County, Iowa. They came to see us while we were still at Spencer. It was on that visit that we first heard of the drowning of their little son, Ralph, just before they moved from Minnesota. He had seen the older children

playing in the edge of the lake and evidently had tried it himself. Rachel supposed he was away playing with the rest of the children, but when they came to look for him they could not find him until they saw his dress in the water. One of their children had lived only two weeks and another one was smothered in bed when only a few weeks old. Another son, Willis, was born on the Odebolt (river) soon after they settled on the "forty" to pasture cattle they had invested in only a few years ago. Willis married and went to Canada and died soon after. Sister Rachel's married life ended when she died August 3, 1872. She left four of her seven children.

The partnership with Marcellus was not a pleasant one, and so our share was sold out, and in October, 1871, we again returned to Decorah. We went by stage from Spencer to Algona, which was the end of the railroad at that time. On our arrival at Algona we heard of the big fire that burned Chicago, starting on October 9, 1871. Until the following spring we lived in Decorah in a brick house that stood to the west of the old Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad depot. This was in the southern part of the town. In the spring of 1872 Albert formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, the firm going under the name of Blackmarr & Benedict. They bought the Bluffton mill located at Bluffton, Winneshiek County. Here we moved in 1872 and lived in a house near the mill for about three years. Here the children, Oscar, Allard and Florence, went to school and formed their childhood impressions, being eleven, nine and seven years old respectively when we moved there. Bluffton and its picturesque scenery will always retain a place in their memory.

In 1874 Lorenzo Blackmarr died, and Charlie Meader, who had married his daughter, Rose Blackmarr, took over the mill and we moved back to Decorah. At Decorah we lived in a house directly across from Dr. Bullis. On account of this house being later sold to a Dr. Smith it was known in later years as the "Smith house." It was a white frame house only a short distance to the north of Dry Run Creek. It was here that Frederic Estey Benedict was born on Saturday, June 5, 1875, and Grace May Benedict was born Thursday, September 14, 1876. While we lived here we bought the Estey organ which I still have in

my home. It came about the same time as Fred, hence his middle name. The day Grace was born my brother, James Mott, started to attend the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

In 1877 Albert formed a partnership with my brother, James Mott. The firm went under the name of "Benedict & Mott." They bought the stone flour mill southeast of Decorah known as the "Trout Run mill." My brother James Mott married Miss Bertha Christen, who was clerking in a dry goods store in Decorah, and they went to live in the little house on the hill just back of the mill. It was in this little house that Roy Mott was born and the twins, Walter and Wallie.

In the spring of 1878 we bought the property in Decorah on the west side of the Fair Grounds, where we built the "square house." We sold the house in the west part of Decorah to Dr. Smith, and while the square house was being built we lived in a frame house a block or two southwest of the public school building, which, on account of its peculiar color was afterward known to the family as the "pink house." On Thursday, October 10, 1878, Albert's brother, Harvey Benedict, while shingling on the east side of the roof of the square house, fell off on to the rough ground and was killed. The square house was completed and we moved into it in December, 1878. While we were living in the square house the children, Oscar, Allard and Florence, went to school in the old public school in Decorah, walking over Pleasant Hill west of our place to get there. Before we moved away they attended Slack's Business College and Florence also went to Breckenridge's Institute. Oscar also worked in a creamery at Waukon as bookkeeper.

On Monday, November 7, 1881, Wilber Garfield Benedict was born at the square house. We had his photograph taken when he was about five months old, just before we moved away. July 19, 1880, my aunt, Lueretia Bean Truman, died of consumption in West Decorah. She was buried in Friends' Cemetery at Hesper. Early in 1882 the square house was traded in towards a farm on Trout Run Creek which was owned by an Englishman

⁸¹It might be of interest to some to know that it was Harvey Benedict's widow, Lavina Benedict, who afterwards founded the Benedict home at Des Moines, Iowa. See *Woman's Work for Women*, by Lavina Benedict.—W. G. B., 1929.

by the name of Tibbits. This farm was afterwards known as the Trout Run farm and was run in connection with the mill property. It was about a mile up the Trout Run Creek to the southwest. We moved here from the square house early in April, 1882. Trout Run farm was a most beautiful place nestling in a valley and surrounded on nearly all sides by high hills, some of them steep, precipitous limestone cliffs. The place was particularly marked by a long row of magnificent white pine trees that grew along the east bank of Trout Run Creek commencing nearly opposite the house and extending southward to the high bluff a half mile south of the house.

Living at the Trout Run farm was pleasant although it meant much hard work for all. Allard and Oscar helped run the farm and Florence helped me with the housework. Miss Sophia Halsey taught school at the Trout Run schoolhouse and boarded with us. Fred and Grace attended there. Florence also taught this school a term or two before we moved away. The big woods to the south and east of our house were full of prairie wolves and they made a great deal of music with their howling nights. Albert shot one or two and Oscar trapped several of them and got the bounty on their scalps. Oscar also purchased a new Remington rifle with which Oscar, Allard, and even Florence had a great deal of sport shooting at a target, and they made life miserable for all the gophers and woodchucks in the pasture across the creek to the west and along the bluffs.

Oscar, Allard and Florence were the "young folks" and had considerable company come out to see them from Decorah. They also used to drive in to Decorah in the evenings to attend gatherings there. The "Rink" at Decorah was one of the popular attractions, and several masquerades were on the program, in which they took part. These were the days of the famous Decorah Light Guards and the Decorah Drum Corps. Oscar and Allard joined the Decorah Light Guards, which was the crack company of the state militia, and they attended some of the encampments before we moved away. My brothers, James and Clement Mott, were both violin players and they would frequently come up to our house and have Florence play the accompaniment on the Estey organ.

In the summer of 1883 the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern Railroad was built to Decorah. It ran diagonally across our farm from the southwest to the northeast and then turned across the creek and ran directly between the mill and the house of the mill property. In going between the house and the mill they had to blast out a deep cut in the solid limestone from twenty to thirty feet deep. This was a nerve-racking experience for the Motts who were living in the house at the time. One very large rock struck the east front of the house caving it in badly and breaking several windows. A small rock came down through the roof of the mill. Hardly a day went by but some damage was done by the blasting.

About six A. M. while it was still dark, on December 2, 1884, we were alarmed by a bright red glare in the sky down the valley to the northeast, and soon my brother Clem Mott came hurrying on horseback to let us know that the mill was on fire. Albert and the two boys, Oscar and Allard, hurried down to the mill to see if they could be of any help. There was nothing that could be done to save any part of it, and it burned down to the bottom, leaving only the four stone walls standing. It is presumed that sparks from the engine of an early freight train set the fire. An oil painting by Allard Benedict is hanging on my wall at Safeside, and is a very good picture of the old mill before it burned and before the railroad was built.

The burning of the mill brought on a crisis in our affairs. In the spring of 1885 the partnership of Benedict & Mott was dissolved and James Mott took over the Trout Run farm and moved his family onto it while we again moved back to Decorah to live while Albert found a new location. We lived in the Barthell house in the southwest part of town just across the alley west of the Clark Goddard and the Caldwell residences. In the spring of 1885 Albert made several land-seeking trips into Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas. Oscar accompanied him on one or two trips. After considerable search Albert bought the Stone farm, which consisted of some two hundred and forty odd acres situated on a rolling upland about two and a half miles northeast of the town of Atlantic, Cass County, Iowa. Here we were destined to live for nine years.

On Thursday, June 4, 1885, we moved to Atlantic. Oscar and Allard with the horses and household goods went in a carload via the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. The rest of the family, Albert and I, Florence, Fred, Grace and Wilber, went by the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern passenger train. Before taking the train we stopped at Gove's for our meals. Many of our friends came to see us off, among them my brother, James Mott, who had been with us on our Clay County trip and had now been a partner of Albert's for so many years. This was the last time I saw him.

We went via Cedar Rapids, West Liberty and Des Moines, arriving in Atlantic very early in the morning of June 5, 1885, the day Fred was ten years old. We lived for six weeks in a rented house in Atlantic about one block west of the Courthouse, while the men folks, Albert, Oscar, and Allard, cleared away the forest and built a house into which we moved as soon as the roof and siding were on. All hands, including the children, helped to lath the house after we moved in, and it was plastered soon after. We had bought an extra large size wood-burning heater, which was too large to go through any ordinary door, so we placed the stove on the floor as soon as it was laid, before the studding was up, and then built the house up around the stove. This stove kept us warm all the time we were there, and stood there winter and summer, and was one of the things we were obliged to leave in the house when we moved away.

After the forest was cleared away a magnificent view of the town of Atlantic was disclosed from our front lawn. For this reason this farm was known as the Atlantic View Farm, and this name was painted on the rudder vane of the Halliday wind-mill we bought of D. P. Hawes and erected a year or so later. We lived on the Atlantic View Farm for nine years, from 1885 to 1894, the longest time we ever lived in any one place, up to that time. In the first twenty years of our married life we had moved twenty-one times, and we felt that we could now settle down and make a home. We set out many orchard trees and grapevines and made a large garden south of the house.

Life on the Atlantic View Farm was a pretty hard struggle. We were under heavy obligations, having bought too big a farm

with too little money of our own. Albert felt that now the children were grown they could be of great help in creating an estate. Money was scarce in our little family and we did not have many luxuries. A large part of the woods and brush land had to be cleared off and this was done the following years. The wood was cut and sold in Atlantic, a stump puller was purchased, and the stumps pulled up and piled in the yard and helped to keep us warm, twice, once when cutting them up and again when they were burned. In the summer of 1885 Oscar married Miss Eva Couse at Decorah, and they came and lived with us until the renter's house became vacant the following year, then he moved there, where he lived all the rest of the time he worked on the farm. Here Flossie was born.

Wednesday, April 14, 1886, we witnessed what was known as Cass County and Audubon County cyclone. It was preceded by a terrific hail storm which stopped suddenly and it was followed by a ground fog which we noticed was traveling rapidly to the south. Going out on our front porch we first saw it coming towards us from the south in the form of a black, funnel-shaped cloud several miles distant. It gradually swung to the east and went directly through Grove City where we first saw the buildings, trees and wreckage flying through the air. The whole storm was in plain view of where we stood about two miles southeast of us on the opposite hill across the valley. It passed through the Troublesome Creek valley directly east of us tearing its way through the trees and demolishing houses, and disappeared to the northeast leaving a swath of destruction in its pathway that was marked for many years after.

On Wednesday, November 11, 1885, Florence was married to Joel David Hawes. The wedding took place in our new house on the Atlantic View Farm. Joe's father and mother came from Decorah for the wedding, and they all returned to Decorah together. Joe and Florence located on the Hawes farm, near Washington Prairie, fourteen miles east of Decorah. They lived here for several years and then moved to Decorah, where Joe entered the implement business there.

The Atlantic View Farm became quite a burden to us and also became associated with troublesome times, so it was decided,

as Albert expressed it, to "put a period" to everything and make a new start in a new place. So the farm was sold late in the fall of 1893 to be delivered the following spring. We stayed on the farm during the following winter and had a public sale the following spring, selling off everything except the household goods.



MRS. ABBIE MOTT BENEDICT

From a photograph taken about the time her story ends, 1895.

We moved to a rented house in Atlantic located two or three blocks west of the Courthouse, where we lived during the summer and winter of 1894 while Albert looked for a new location.

During the summer of 1894 Albert spent most of the time looking around for a farm. He was determined to take sufficient time to find a farm he liked and that he could handle without keeping his nose on the grindstone. Our family was now grown up, or nearly so, and in a few years our children would be leaving us to make homes of their own. It was, therefore, important that we have a good home, pleasantly located where we would

not be bothered with old associations, and which we could handle without such a burden as the last one had been. We had followed what Hamlin Garland calls "The Middle Border" long enough.

After a great deal of search Albert finally bought the Jones farm located in the northwestern part of Thompson Township in Guthrie County, Iowa. This farm consisted of about two hundred and forty acres and we bought it at such a rate that we could pay for the farm complete, and for the first time we were entirely free from debt. We were now so well situated that in honor of the event Albert in his characteristic way, named the farm "Safeside," feeling that we were now on the safe side of things in general.

We moved here from Atlantic early in the spring of 1895. Fred came home from Decorah in time to start putting in the oats on the north forty. During the summer of 1895 we built a new house on the site of the old one. Oscar came from Atlantic to help. Fred put in the crops that year and did most of the cultivation and harvesting while the house was being built.

After the new house was built we settled down to make our permanent home, so my "Early Days in Iowa" may be brought to a close. Let younger hands take up the story from here.

Safeside, Iowa.

Written 1921.

IN MEMORY OF SPRINGWATER⁹

Plain living (enforced) and high thinking was the order of the day in the early settlement. The years preceding had been a time of political unrest in the Old World and of intellectual ferment in the New, finding outlet in rebellions, Fourierism and Transcendentalism. Springwater did not escape the contagion, and so the younger set at once organized a literary society which met at stated intervals to read papers and discuss weighty matters. The society also published a paper, in long hand, which was probably the first publication issued in the county, *The Athenaeum Banner*. At any rate it antedated the *Decorah Republican* by several years. The writer never had the good fortune to see a copy of this journal and it is doubtful if one is now in existence.

The colony built a meetinghouse of boards sawed at the mill. For a number of years this served as a house of worship and as a schoolhouse.

⁹These paragraphs in memory of Springwater are parts of an appendix to Mrs. Benedict's booklet, the appendix having been made up of articles written by Edgar Odson and published in the *Decorah Republican*.—Editor.

In this building Joseph Brownell, one of the first, if not the first, young men to be married within its walls, taught several terms of private school, public schools not having yet come into existence. In this barn-like structure the Friends met every Sunday (First day) for religious worship, which consisted chiefly of silence and meditation—of the right sort. The elders occupied the high places during the meeting, that is, the two or three benches elevated some feet above the floor of the main body of the church and facing the audience. These dignitaries sat with hats on or off according to individual caprice. Sometimes hats were worn during the first half hour and then laid aside. The leader sat at the head on the rear bench, the benches being elevated one above the other in tiers, and when it was time to close the service he turned toward his neighbor and gravely shook his hand. This was the signal that meeting was over, eyes brightened, smiles appeared, especially among the younger members, a hum of voices replaced the silence, and everybody were ordinary humans once more. But these meetings were not always passed in silence. Members had the privilege of exhorting sinners and others whenever the spirit moved, and as the years passed the spirit seemed to move more and more frequently. There was of course no ordained minister. Midweek services were held, generally on Wednesdays, and the school was dismissed at eleven A. M. Pupils were expected to attend, but attendance was not compulsory. Music of any kind was tabooed. The sexes sat separated on opposite sides of the main room, which could be divided into two distinct compartments by a movable upper partition which was lowered onto a stationary lower partition fixed on the floor. The latter was about four feet high. During religious meetings the upper section was raised by means of ropes and pulleys, so that the whole congregation was in view. But when monthly meetings were held, meetings for the transaction of church business and for disciplining members who had been naughty, the sexes were rigidly separated by the partition and they could communicate with each other only by messenger. At times members were hauled over the coals for shortcomings, but not often. It was a pretty good community—and died young.

The Springwater school in those days must have been the most advanced of any in the county, and in the spelling contests it always gave a good account of itself. Independent of the regular school a peculiar geography class flourished, conducted by Charles Gordon, at so much per head for the term. A set of large wall maps was used containing all of the geographical knowledge then extant, and pupils met on certain evenings of the week to chant in unison the lessons under consideration. The members of this class were mostly young men and women. It was a pretty good method of fixing geographical locations in the mind, and interesting because the world was new, and the pupils were interested in each other. Some of the elders looked askance at this class on account of the singing, not by any means too hilarious,

because they regarded music in any form as a snare devised by the adversary of man to entangle human souls. They thought it essential to salvation that all aspects of life should be drab colored. This view was, however, held by a minority of the congregation only, and was more or less a bone of contention. A school entertainment in the winter of 1857-58 perhaps produced a rift in the lute, which, while it did not widen sufficiently to produce discord that could be discerned by outsiders, it still impaired the harmony of the life there more or less. One of the features of this disrupting entertainment was music from an accordeon or concertina, or whatever the instrument was, and Miss Mary Gove was the performer. In the midst of one of her selections one of the elders sitting on the other side of the partition—the two rooms being thrown into one—placed his hands upon it and vaulted over with the agility of a boy who had been robbing an orchard, and rushing up to Miss Gove, seized her hands, exclaiming, "Does thee know that this is the house of God?" The entertainment ceased then and there and that elder did not enhance his popularity in the community by his zeal. He was one of the first to move away.

An interesting Sunday school was maintained for a number of years in which everybody, young and old, showed much interest and nearly every member of the community became an expert in Bible knowledge. In connection with this school a circulating library was maintained by individual contributions. This literature, as a matter of course, was highly flavored with Quakerism, but books were scarce and it served. The autobiography of John Woolman was one of the books. An intellectual-devotional diversion was a reading circle held on Sunday afternoon in summer and in the evening during winter. At these gatherings the members took turns in reading aloud recent books of an instructive nature, biographies, travels, etc., alternating with purely religious matter.

At a somewhat later period a peripatetic writing master drifted into Springwater and taught some terms of writing school. He was a good penman but a bad citizen, and subsequently married and deserted one of Decorah's fair daughters.

The sentiment in regard to music eventually changed to such an extent that a singing school was allowed in the schoolhouse conducted by James W. Mott, who had previously qualified by taking singing lessons in Decorah. A musical wave rolled over the community and in almost every home some instrument was undergoing torture at the hands of would-be musicians. But there were children who were compelled to take to the woods to practice, out of sight and hearing of their dissenting parents.

The *New York Tribune* was about the only secular paper read in Springwater. It was everybody's friend, philosopher and guide in worldly matters, and Horace Greeley was a prophet in that locality. The abolition sentiment was strong, and during the Lincoln-Douglas cam-

paign everyone became a Republican except David West, who was a Democrat and did not care who knew it.

The dress usually worn was the conventional Quaker drab, drab gown and bonnet for women, severely plain habiliments with broad-brimmed black hats for the men. The only color allowed the Quaker maidens was that which flowed in their cheeks, and bright eyes were their only ornaments, but these sufficed. At the time of the Bloomer outbreak that costume was occasionally seen on the Springwater hills, but not for long. One of the very first pioneers of the place, forgotten in the enumeration above, was a character known by the sobriquet of "Greasy Ole." He was a bachelor who lived by himself in a six by four shanty and wore a pair of leather breeches which were never changed or washed. He came to the locality so early that he shot a bear on what later became the Odson farm. One story about him was that being invited to dinner by some of his Quaker neighbors at one time, he showed he was not devoid of suitable manners by wiping his knife on his breeches before inserting it in the communal butter.

No one accumulated a swollen fortune there. No member of the colony disgraced himself by becoming a malefactor of great wealth. The best wheat in the United States was raised in those hills, but it was a slow and strenuous process to grub out the stunted oak shrubs and prepare the soil for the plow, and there was no home market for the grain. It had to be hauled to the Mississippi at McGregor or Lansing, and when the draft animals were oxen it required three or four days to make the trip. So most of the settlers became tired of the hard work and the meager results and by the end of the first decade the community was rapidly disintegrating. Death claimed some, but most were lured away by the greater opportunities elsewhere.

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTE

*At the request of the editor of the *ANNALS* Wilbur G. Benedict consented to add the following brief statement concerning his parents in order to complete the most interesting story.

During the latter years of the nineteenth and the first decade of the twentieth century my parents, along with thousands of other country people, had just passed through a long and severe financial depression. It had been a hard struggle with many a blasted hope. And, although they did not realize it at the time, they were already on the threshold of a remarkable period of expansion and prosperity. Farm land in Iowa and the Middle West was still cheap, although prices were beginning to advance. During this time there were two rules in general practice by farmers in this territory when they had reached or passed the age of active farm operations. One rule was to rent or sell the farm and move to the nearby town and live on the proceeds. This was along the line

of least resistance and the method usually followed. The other rule was to fix up the old place with modern conveniences as income permitted and spend the declining years in the only spot that seemed to them like home. This latter rule was the one my parents decided to follow.

Next after the new house came a windmill erected over a spring well with running water piped to the house. The distance from the farm to town, eight miles, was fully realized those first few years. This drawback was overcome, in part, in 1897 when the Postoffice Department established the Safeside Post Office at our home with my father, Albert A. Benedict, as postmaster.

With more prosperous times came the organization of the first farmers' telephone line known as the Safeside Telephone Co. It was a great innovation and linked up the isolated homes of our community with the rest of the world through a switchboard at Casey. Father and Mother learned to take life a little easier. They entered the social life of the community and during the summer months traveled considerable. With the boys to do the work and Father's wisdom to direct our efforts, Safeside became one of the attractive homes of Guthrie County. The Safeside Post Office was discontinued when Rural Route No. 2 was established out of Casey. This was even a greater convenience to the people of our neighborhood than the post office had been.

In the late spring of 1906 Father suffered a stroke from which he never fully recovered. He died August 16th of that year, surrounded by all the members of his family. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at old Dalmanutha. Since that time Mother has occupied the old homestead from which she is loath to part.

Of late years during the winter months Mother has lived in the homes of her two younger children, but each time with the coming of spring she has preferred to stay at her old home where she best enjoys her birds and flowers in quiet seclusion. Out of a family of six children but three are living. Oscar and Grace rest beside the father at Dalmanutha, and Allard was laid away at Wentworth, South Dakota, two years ago. Mother was a great reader and has a fine array of good books, and with a liberal supply of papers and magazines at hand she has lived to enjoy many a day and hour that otherwise might have easily become a burden.

The farm buildings in which our family once took pride are yielding to the law of decay, and looked at from an economic standpoint it appears to be a needless waste; but sentiment also has a value not reckoned at the bank. Those of us who look after and care for Mother are determined she shall be allowed to enjoy her own home in her own way—it is her property and the fruit of her life of labor. This will be our course until a crisis compels us to make some other arrangements.

Mother is now eighty-six, and though memory fades and the sight grows dim, she lives on sustained by a faith and trust that is abiding.

Pinedale, June, 1930.

AUGUST P. RICHTER

Editor of *Der Demokrat*, Davenport, Iowa, 1884-1913

An Appreciation

BY F. I. HERRIOTT

Professor in Drake University

(Concluded from April Number)

My acquaintance with Dr. Richter began in the latter part of 1906. I was prosecuting a study of the preliminaries of the National Republican Convention of 1860 in an effort to explain the first nomination of Abraham Lincoln for the presidency of the United States; and I had become possessed with the notion that the Germans, especially the German refugees of the Revolution of 1848, had exerted a potent influence in the final determination of that celebrated convention. A letter asking Dr. Richter some questions and indicating my growing belief brought an instant reply that gave me specific data confirming my tentative belief and giving some definite leads which proved of superlative worth in the outcome. The most significant fact in his reply, as the event proved, was his cordial good will and his offer of his good offices in my investigations.

During the following ten years in the pursuit of my researches I appealed to Dr. Richter for aid in many and various ways. Throughout the correspondence several facts stand forth luminously in my memories—his gracious and generous efforts in furtherance of all my requests, the keenness of his appreciation of the important primary facts, his accuracy and care in statements of fact, the absence of bias, narrowness or prejudice in his consideration of matters in issue, his anxiety to be scrupulously fair in criticism or in drawing any adverse inference. Further, Dr. Richter's continued kindness was manifested steadily through the years under conditions of constant business exactions of his own that with nine out of ten men would have barred even inclination, let alone active, effective effort in compliance with requests.

Dr. Richter was a busy editor of a daily paper. His task

could not be slighted nor delegated. Its accomplishment normally would leave the average editor weary at the day's close and intolerant of anything save diversion. Letters seeking either much or minute information on matters of historic interest chiefly are likely to be regarded as mere presumption, amounting to aggression on one's peace. An oppressive sense of sorry lack of consideration has distressed me as I have examined his many letters giving me extracts and memoranda, and anon extended transcripts, sometimes in German and sometimes in translation, frequently with careful comments as to their significance or correct interpretation, taken chiefly from the columns of *Der Demokrat* for the years 1854, 1856, 1858, 1859, 1860, and now and then from the contemporary English papers of Davenport. Two facts only will possibly secure me pardon on the last day of judgment, namely: Dr. Richter's cordial encouragement to me to ask his aid whenever he could assist in my searches for facts; and my zealous effort to achieve a purpose that he, Dr. Richter, very much desired to see accomplished, to wit, the demonstration of the conspicuous and dominant part taken by the Germans in the first nomination and election of Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States.

After taxing his generosity until my own conscience balked, and after considerable hesitation I ventured to ask if he could secure me the loan of the files of *Der Demokrat* for the years 1851-60 inclusive so that I could personally search for the data I needed or might discover. This accommodation he promptly arranged to my great convenience, but apparently not without some opposition and protest. He told me some time later when in Des Moines that some of the older residents of Davenport when they heard of what he had done protested against the file leaving the basement stack room of the City Library where they were deposited for safe-keeping because of the serious risk of gross injury or utter loss in transit. Were it not violating the proprieties I should like to reproduce his vivid account of the encounter with some notables anent his consideration for me. Fortunately, no misfortune attended; I secured substantial collections of transcripts and memoranda and returned the files unharmed to their proper place. It was an act of grace on Dr.

Richter's part which made me very grateful and later his many personal and public expressions when my various studies appeared in the *ANNALS OF IOWA*, in Downer's *History of Scott County and Davenport*, in *Deutsch-Amerikanische Geschichtsblätter*, *Jahrbuch der Deutsch-Amerikanischen Historischen Gesellschaft von Illinois* and in the *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society*, between the years 1907 and 1919, made me feel that my returns had partially paid my heavy debt to him.

His generousness in good offices and good will needs no further exposition but excerpts from three hastily written letters in his busy year just before he laid down his editorial pen and departed for California may be given in the way of illustration:

Sept. 1, 1912.

This time much newspaper work, nasty politics and the heat and aggressiveness of the atmosphere, in combination, have to serve as an excuse for my not having complied sooner to your request of August 16.

I hope the translation although made in great haste will be clear enough to be understood by you. * * *

May 13, 1913.

Last night I found in a file of the *Davenport Democrat*, of 1896, a reproduction of a Lincoln letter, which I have copied for you. Probably this letter may not be new to you; I had read of it long ago, but it had gotten out of my mind.

Aug. 23, 1913.

I shall leave my position here on the *Demokrat* about September 1 and hope to start for California about a week later. Whenever you think I can furnish some information in regard to Iowa I hope you will write to me. Wishing you success in your laudable but laborious undertaking, * * *

Accompanying the first letter quoted were fifteen pages containing translations of editorial or news items pertinent to my inquiry or summarizing certain drifts of the comments or policy of *Der Demokrat* in pre-Civil War discussion.

Another phase of the courtesy and marked consideration accorded me by Dr. Richter in those years I did not appreciate at the outset, nor for some years. My first inquiries in my studies in 1906-07 were made with no knowledge whatever that he was planning a history of Davenport, and not once did he disclose his purpose until near the time he concluded his work on *Der Demokrat* in 1913. My innumerable quests and requests intruded

bluntly into the very heart of what he knew full well were some of the most interesting, and momentous chapters or sections of such a history as he had in contemplation, for the part of the Germans in the crucial formative days in Iowa and in the formation of the Republican party in this state was at once definitive and major in character. I was seeking data that he appreciated to the full.

The true significance of the action of the Germans in the preliminaries of the National Republican Convention of 1860 had not been sensed by any of the post-war historians and he was aware of the preponderant consideration given the German voters in the gubernatorial campaign in Iowa in 1859 in the nomination of Nicholas J. Rusch of Scott County for lieutenant governor, and the significance of the resolutions of the German Republicans of Davenport of March 7, 1860, and I was asking him to give me some of the finest fruits of his own laborious researches. Normal human nature would be loath to respond to a bothersome, confounded *Ausländer*.² He might have easily avoided answering, as many under such circumstances would have done—and justly. Or he might have declined for lack of time, or sent me meager answers with no important or illuminating data. But far from so doing was his course. His answers were instant, generous, and complete, throughout the ensuing years. And not one scintilla of a sign did he give out that I was poaching on his preserves, “jumping his claim” or “rustling his stock” as our pioneers would phrase it. I was not guilty of conscious aggression but as I have canvassed his letters in the light of what I now know I have a sorry feeling that I am chargeable with presumption.

²My use of *Ausländer* in the narrative above expressed my feelings but it is metaphorical and not a statement of fact. A query by a reader of the manuscript impels an explanation. Dr. Richter in a kind reference in his *True History of Scott County*, Chap. XX, *The Democrat and Leader*, Nov. 7, 1920, says: “Professor Herriott is an American descendant of a Huguenot family which has for generations resided in the United States.” In this instance he is slightly in error. I was born near New Liberty in Liberty township in the northwest corner of Scott County, Iowa. My parents were natives of Pennsylvania; my father was a descendant of a Scotch line which came to this country in 1665 and my mother of an English stock which came in the thirties of the last century. My father left Scott County in 1872 because he was surrounded by Germans with whom he could not easily carry on an ordinary conversation. My studies of the Germans in pre-Civil War politics were not induced by either Germanic affiliations or associations or prejudices but were wholly the incidental result of a wide-ranging investigation of the major factors and forces controlling in the preliminaries and proceedings of the national Republican Convention at Chicago, May 10-18, 1860. So, while a native son of Scott County, I had the feelings of an intrusive and presumptuous *Ausländer* when I took advantage, so greedily, of Dr. Richter's exceeding good nature and drew so many heavy drafts on his stores of information.

Lest some may feel that I am allowing personal preferences and prejudices to impel and control judgment, I venture to give the following excerpts from letters to me from associates and familiars of Dr. Richter. Each one had personal relations or business contacts with him of a sort which give intimate knowledge of the man's character and disposition. They are from Fred A. Lischer, one of the Lischer Brothers who succeeded their father, Henry Lischer, in the ownership and management of *Der Demokrat*; Mr. J. E. Calkins, city editor of *The Democrat* from 1889 to 1903, now residing in Pomona, California; Dr. Walter L. Bierring, whose boyhood was passed in Davenport, now a distinguished physician resident in Des Moines; Hon. Charles A. Ficke, sometime county attorney of Scott County and later mayor of Davenport, generous patron of the Academy of Science and donor of the extensive Collections of the Municipal Art Gallery of that city; Hon. J. W. Bollinger, judge of the District Court, 1897-1911; Miss Grace D. Rose, librarian of the Public Library of Davenport, 1906-1920, now of Morristown, New Jersey; B. F. Tillinghast, editor of *The Davenport Democrat* from 1888-1907, now of Crescent City, Florida; and Max Baum, secretary of the German-American Historical Society of Illinois since 1912, of Chicago. The excerpts follow:

Dr. Richter was always very quiet and unassuming at his work. * * * Every day would find him at his desk at the same hour. * * *

His relations with his coworkers were always friendly and helpful, willing to assist others in their work at all times, and willing to give whatever valuable information he was able, whenever he was asked.

When he took a stand on any vital question, he was very outspoken. Nothing would swerve him from the position he had taken and he would fight out the matter to the very end.—Mr. Lischer.

I went to Davenport as city editor of the (English) *Democrat* in May, 1889, and soon after that date I became acquainted with Dr. Richter. I left the position of city editor in November, 1903. During those fourteen years I had the pleasure of many agreeable encounters with Dr. Richter. * * *

Dr. Richter was ten or fifteen years older than I, and because of my comparative youth might have been expected to assume a somewhat patronizing attitude toward me, but this he never did. He was thoroughly German, in feature and speech and other characteristics, and he was also thoroughly a gentleman. He habitually wore an expression

of grave dignity, but had not a trace of pomposity, as far as I ever saw. Sometimes this aspect of gravity seemed to indicate that he was quite heavily burdened, but it was always relaxed most agreeably whenever we met, and our meetings were always on the even level, and with great mutual respect, and as far as I know, sincere mutual regard.

Ours was the leading evening paper in the English language, and his was a morning paper in the German. Naturally I often found it a convenient shortcut to call upon him for something with which he had better contact than I, and, on the other end, he rather often came to us for information that was not easily accessible to him. It was always a pleasure to me to give to Dr. Richter anything in our shop that he could use, and I never failed to have complete and apparently pleased reciprocation on his part. On the many occasions of my calls upon him I always found him busy, but never hurried or flustered or excited, and I am not able to remember any such call that was not marked by invitation or even urging to linger a while. He liked to talk with friendly persons, I judged. The interchange of a quiet hour, I always felt, was a real relaxation to him. I never met him socially, but I have no doubt that he was the same quiet, agreeable, dignified gentleman on all occasions. I have no idea of the kind of books he preferred, but I cannot imagine that wild western stories, or accounts of the frivolings of modern high society, or tales of lurid adventure, or amazing detective stories, made any appeal to him. He always seemed to be trying to do something that appeared to him to be worth while. He had the most nearly perfect knack of letting you know that he held you in friendly regard, yet at the same time relaxing none of his fine poise and dignity, that I ever saw, I think. I missed much by not being able to read the German to any great extent, but I was aware that his page carried many a bit of quiet sarcasm that it would have done a mere American real good to read. Occasionally a quaint bit of humor, or a light shaft of this same sarcasm, without much barb, if any, would break into our chats; but I can not recall an instance in which he shot any pointed word at me that could inflict even the slightest wound upon my most sensitive point. Our ideas about things did not always line up exactly, but Dr. Richter was always a gentleman of culture and consideration. One of the plainest memory pictures of those old newspaper days is Dr. Richter strolling leisurely around the corner to our door to ask for some morsel for *Der Demokrat* that he had reason to believe I might have concealed about me. If it were a hot summer evening he was probably white-shirted and bareheaded; and almost invariably a rather long-shafted underslung pipe, of potent flavor, depended from his lip. I cannot remember that I ever saw him smile, but I seem to remember that he always looked mighty pleasant. As far as I knew him he was a man of the sort to be an intimate of greatest charm and benefit. And when he was bent upon something that was to be done he was, after the manner of his painstaking people, never to be daunted by the size of

the task, or the heat and burden of the day. Toward the latter end of our acquaintance I learned that he was at work upon a history, and since then I have seen something of that history. He made it a vast thing in its minuteness and detail—as I should have expected him to do. In his latter days, also, he was sorely beset by physical ills. These, also, I am compelled to imagine, he met with fortitude and the sort of enduring courage that cannot be conquered. I must admit that I had only some glimpses of the sort of man he was inside, but these bits of circumstantial evidence all went to paint him to me as one of the men I have known who were always earnest, sincere, industrious, dependable, kindly and courteous, and well worth cultivating. I fear that he did not get from me as much of pleasant good as he gave me, while unconscious that he was giving anything at all. I remember that I always carried away from our meetings the impression that he was of that unselfish type that found it better to give than to receive.—Mr. Calkins.

During the middle eighties I was a carrier boy for *Der Demokrat*. As this was a morning paper I saw the editor, Dr. Richter, only occasionally.

I recall his stopping one day to say, "My boy, you are living in a wonderful age (*wunderbare Zeit*) and you will live to see things that we know nothing of now."

While my contacts were rather limited, nevertheless, a vivid memory remains of his soldierly figure, kindly interest in boys, and a strong, unusual personality.—Dr. Bierring.

Dr. Richter was very tolerant towards those who differed with him in matters of religion. I do not recall an unkind verbal or written statement by him regarding men who differed with him on that question, except when they sought to encroach upon the rights and liberties of others who held contrary views. * * * He was deeply interested in everything that stood for cultural advancement—education, art, theatres and music. His reports for his paper on concerts and plays were classics.—Mr. Ficke.

My first acquaintance with Dr. Richter arose while I was a high school boy in the early eighties. I was then an intimate friend of Julius Lischer, whose father was Henry Lischer, the proprietor of the *Der Demokrat*. One of our activities in those days was a debating society in our high school. Julius Lischer, Henry Vollmer and myself one time debated the merits of prohibition with three students of Griswold College, which then flourished in our city. Of course we had the wet side and the college boys the dry, and Dr. Richter took an interest in the debate as much as if we were his own children. He gave us data and facts and figures about the prohibition movement, that we never would have found otherwise. And when we won the debate he was just as pleased as if he were actually our own age.

As you know, in the eighties the German element of our town was probably fifty per cent. by actual count, but its influence in public opinion was really greater than that. * * * and our Germans were nearly all Republicans and the jollification over Garfield's election at the old Turner Hall in Davenport was a scene I shall never forget. * * *

But soon the prohibition amendment in our State Constitution came. The Republicans were blamed locally for it. You recall our Supreme Court declared the Amendment unconstitutional in the famous case of *Koehler v. Hill*. This was tried before our Supreme Court sitting in Davenport. Dr. Richter from then on was always very prominent in all political matters in this city and his paper and his pen made the German force felt to the fullest extent. In it he always seemed to me to be far less concerned about politics and political parties than he was about what he thought to be the basic wrong of prohibition as a moral, economic, and social experiment. He was a most upright man in all respects, and yet resented the enforcement by law, of all the old prohibition laws.

From the latter part of 1897 to the beginning of 1911 I found it my official duty to sign many decrees closing saloons in this city. Each one of these was a thorn to him as the later columns of his paper will show. But I always liked him, always admired him, and regretted much when his late afternoon came and he left our city for the coast.

He was one of a type, and it was an old type, that came to Iowa and did so much to make the rugged virtues of citizenship predominate. And, as I love to think and agree with you, did so much to help make Lincoln president.—Judge Bollinger.

Dr. Richter was one of the friends that I made while librarian in Davenport whom it was a privilege to know * * * we saw him frequently in the library and he was ever ready to help me in the selection of German books for our collection.—Miss Rose.³

I knew Dr. Richter intimately. * * * I was editor of the *Davenport Daily Democrat*. The offices of both papers were in the same block, and the Doctor's "den" and mine were but a few feet apart. * * * We discussed many subjects.

He was an honest and ardent opponent of the free silver cause as represented by William J. Bryan in 1896. So was I. Both papers were normally Democratic but both fought the silver craze nationally and locally, going so far as to refuse to support Democratic nominees for Congress if they sympathized with Mr. Bryan.

* * * * *

In all movements for municipal advance he could be depended upon. For several years I was president of the Davenport Chapter of the American Red Cross. There were occasional appeals for help. I shall

³See later section for balance of Miss Rose's letter.

never forget the solid help Dr. Richter gave me and the cause. He could always be counted on in that way and others.

He was a student of local history, and probably the best informed man in Scott County in that respect. He was patient and persistent in looking up facts and trusted his imagination for nothing.

I doubt if any Iowa editor was more independent in word and in thought and deed than Dr. Richter. He did not follow public sentiment, which so often changes, but upheld the views he believed in at any cost. He was serious in all that he did and wrote; well grounded in the subjects he discussed. He was on friendly terms with his fellow newspaper workers, all of whom esteemed him highly.—Mr. Tillinghast.

Dr. Richter, as I knew him from correspondence and the opinions of other people with whom he came in daily contact, was one of the finest German-Americans one could meet; he was a nobleman in every sense and in the truest sense of the word. He had an excellent education and was of the same type as Dr. Ernst Schmidt, the father of Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, a real scientist and thorough and reliable in every word that he uttered or wrote.—Mr. Max Baum.

Such golden memories are not produced by the common man in the street—that mediocre mortal ever found in the crowds and the processions. They are not produced by the man of marked ability, simply. They are the refined reflections of years of close observations of a man in his daily walk and talk in his relations with his workfellows, whose character shines forth clear and staunch amidst life's wear and tear and the buffetings of fate, and through sunshine and storm stands foursquare to all the winds that blow.

On the morning of April 19, 1909, Dr. Richter achieved the twenty-fifth anniversary of his editorial service for *Der Demokrat*. He came to his office as usual, but in some astonishment; for without consulting him the publishers, the Messrs. Lischer Brothers, and his associates of the working staffs had gotten out a "special edition" of the paper in which his quarter centennial was celebrated by a "special edition" in very truth. His features in photogravure and articles laudatory of his character and work greeted his readers. When he entered his sanctum he was further astonished. I will let a few extracts from the pen of his English contemporary, Ralph W. Cram, editor of *The Davenport Democrat and Leader*, the following morning, describe the occasion:

DR. AUGUST P. RICHTER'S LONG AND ABLE SERVICE

* * * *

Der Demokrat has a record not surpassed by any other paper in Iowa printed in German. * * *

The paper has been fortunate and exceptional in the character of its editors. * * *

Twenty-five years ago yesterday Dr. August P. Richter joined *Der Demokrat's staff*, first as city editor, and in a short time as editor. In recognition of his faithful service the owners of the paper placed on his desk yesterday morning twenty-five of the best American beauty roses. Attached to one of the roses was an envelope and enclosed in this was a letter expressing appreciation and congratulations. Within the letter was a most substantial financial token, one that made Dr. Richter speechless, not only for recognition, but the practical value. He had no knowledge of what was going on in the office. * * *

No paper has a more devoted editor; he is at all times faithful to the demands of his work. No one has known Dr. Richter to take a vacation. Aside from the discussion of local and public questions Dr. Richter has found time to gather more historical material than any other historical collector in this part of the state.

In the Academy of Science, the Public Library, the Turner Society, the public schools and other worthy organizations, Dr. Richter has shown a lively interest, and they are all in debt to him. He is a man of strong convictions and fearless in defending what he believes to be right. A more modest man, or one who more carefully shuns notice, it would be impossible to find. That he may live long to continue his work is the wish of all who know him.

In these excessively laborious days of "early closing," half holidays, junkets and vacationings, "time off" for luncheon hours and golf, six-hour days and "five-days-a-week" in order to "create work" and insure a high level of rigor, rest and recovery for the poor mortals tied to the wheels of modern industry, the daily routine of Dr. Richter, while prosaic and unromantic, is very interesting and, indeed, instructive if one is seeking the causes and conditions for the "high cost of living," the alleged grief of the farmers, and the increasing anarchy within the domestic circles of the land.

Dr. Richter continued his quiet but strenuous work on *Der Demokrat* with no variation until September 1, 1913, when he laid down his pencil, having entered upon his thirtieth year as editor and the seventieth year of his life. His retirement brought forth an interesting editorial appreciation in *The Daily Times*

from the pen of James E. Hardman under the caption, "Dr. Richter Retires."

After suggesting that a great community does not consist simply or mainly of miles of paving, or massive buildings, or mere numbers of people, but rather of men and women who are animated by "compelling ideals, certain ambitions, habits of thought and plans of action," Mr. Hardman says:

Dr. Richter has been a conspicuous figure in the newspaper life of Davenport for many years. He has been thorough, conscientious, plain-spoken, and sometimes vitriolic. But whether one has been able to agree with him either on account of politics or because of opinions which he held and defended so ably, one must concede that he was not afraid to speak plainly and forcibly in defense of his convictions. And after all it is sincerity and straightforwardness that count in any walk of life.

The people of Davenport will regret that Dr. Richter has decided to put aside his pen and to leave Davenport. No one can tell how many years his influence here will be felt and his work live in Davenport. But who will undertake to measure what one man with his pen has done?

Within a week Dr. Richter was on his way to his daughter's home in Los Angeles, California. His plans for the ensuing years were very clear-cut and specific and had been in his mind's eye for many a year and most fondly did he look forward to their realization in a happy, hard earned leisure, uninterrupted by the ruthless exactions of daily editorial duties.

Dr. Richter took with him his accumulations of memoranda and notes which for thirty years and more he had been systematically garnering from the columns of *Der Demokrat* (1851-1913) and its English antecedents and contemporaries in Davenport—all neatly filed in consecutive folios—which he had collected for the purpose of writing a history of Davenport and Scott County.

All conditions and all prospects for the achievement of his task were favorable. He thought he was in excellent health. He knew exactly what he wanted to do. He had achieved the infinite drudgery which your true scholar must get through in his preliminary surveys before he can begin the exacting task of composition of his narrative with its intermittent analysis, description and critical judgments upon events, men and measures.

Willing hands were ready to protect him against annoyance and to do his slightest wish in forwarding his program for effective work.

He got under way with his work at once. The skies were blue and fortune smiling. But alas! and alack! The telling lines of the sweet singer of Scotland tells us that the Sable Sisters often have contrary notions and now and then cut the threads of Fate in utterly unpredictable fashion:

The best laid plans of mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea'e us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy.

Suddenly from the centre of the cerulean vault came in rapid succession crashing bolts, striking without warning and without mercy, ruthless and devastating—bolts which appalled him and his friends and almost annihilated his Spartan courage and stern stoicism.

After the manner of many a literary and scholarly man Dr. Richter was far from a close-fisted, hard-headed, cool, calculating business man. He was not possessed with a consuming zeal to acquire dollars and with them in possession he was not prone to hold on to them with a deathlike grip. When practicing medicine at Lowden and Mt. Joy he did not charge substantial fees. More serious, if patients were not prompt in paying or delayed unduly or refused, he seldom proceeded to summary measures to collect. He seemed to assume that if they could pay they would, and if they did not they could not, so what was the use in harsh measures. In Davenport his generous disposition was generally known, for immigrant and itinerant or transient Germans in distress or sore straits ever and anon appealed to him for aid, and usually his purse strings would tie less in consequence. Earnest representatives of legitimate and righteous enterprises could secure his interest and involve his bank account or capital reserves, albeit perfectly naturally, but sometimes to his loss. Thus for years he paid premiums on insurance policies in "mutual fraternal" orders or companies, and then in the course of time increased rates would be inflicted upon the policyholders, the enhanced rates becoming an intolerable burden. Again, following

the lead of those he deemed wise in worldly matters he invested what were to him considerable sums in the securities of mercantile and mining companies, Florida lands, and elsewhere. Between 1910 and 1914 financial depression came upon the country. About the time Dr. Richter was getting under way with his work in California the contraction affecting the financial marts hit his investments and he suddenly found that which he had confidently assumed would be sources of income for him would be deficits. In short his losses were serious, and his resources almost eliminated. It was a peace-disturbing situation at his time of life. But there was no outcry, no harsh recrimination and no bemoaning his lot. His letters and his conversation were now and then tinged with cynical irony in consequence of the vanities of human hopes. He concluded with Isaiah that the Lord of Hosts tests men, as nations, "with the sieve of vanity"; and with Spartan firmness he proceeded to carry on.

But the frowns of the Fates did not cease. Alas! they increased. When making ready to remove to California one daughter warned him as to the possible unwisdom of such a radical change in his daily routine of life. But he foresaw no difficulty. He reckoned, however, without his host, his physical Self. He undertook the care of a garden. With characteristic definiteness he went about it and set to work vigorously and rather strenuously. This taxed him more seriously than he anticipated. He found that he suffered from fatigue. The outdoor work was not the sort of exercise to which he was used. His feet and legs began to suffer. At the outset he presumed that it was simply the necessary difficulty endured in getting used to a new routine calling for new sets of muscles. But the distress persisted, increased, and interfered with his work so seriously that he decided to return to Davenport in April, 1911—partly to consult with his old family friends, the Doctors Carl and Henry Matthey; partly to recoup his finances; and partly to be again with old friends in Davenport.

His physicians made him realize that he was suffering from a serious malady. Developments soon became threatening. A gangrenous necrosis appeared in his right foot. His own physical

distress, however, was a minor matter to him for his heart was torn by the fatal illness of his friend, Dr. Carl Matthey. Despite his own discomfort Dr. Richter almost daily walked to the home of his friend until his death in the forepart of July. Dr. Henry Matthey persuaded Dr. Richter to go to Mercy Hospital, July 29, to insure rest; and on September 17 Drs. Walter Matthey (son of Carl) and Lawrence W. Littig removed the right foot. This drastic proceeding did not remove the menace. In December they had to remove the left foot.

Within a few days he was able to sit up and receive his friends. On Christmas eve he was back in his apartments. His physical vitality and spiritual vigor were remarkable. Within a short time he began to consider the feasibility of artificial substitutes for the excised feet; and as soon as assured of their practicality secured them and began at once to regain his ability to walk. Dr. Littig gave him for many weeks more than professional care in assisting him in the difficult task. It was not long before he could negotiate three flights of stairs if need or inclination prompted.

During those trying months there must have been many moments of utter depression. But there was no bemoaning of his lot, no carping at the hard blows the Fates were dealing him. His one controlling thought was the achievement of his History. This hope drove and focussed his efforts. The day started with the morning issue of *Der Demokrat*. When weary of composition or pouring over his notes or searching in the files of old papers pinochle with his daughter or friends gave him diversion.

Meanwhile with no intimation that he was in trouble of any sort Dr. Richter was cheerfully answering my various intrusive letters to him asking for information that assumed not only stores of information and cheerful willingness to answer but more or less effort and correspondence on his part. Between April 27 and August 9 I received two post cards and four letters, some with enclosures of extended data about the careers of two German editors of pre-Civil War days—John Bittman of the *Staats Zeitung* of Dubuque, and Henry Ramming of *Der Demokrat* of Davenport. In two of them he tendered apologies for not an-

swering more promptly. When later I became aware of his condition I suffered feelings which are not pleasant to recall. It was a chance statement in a letter from Mr. Henry B. Gniffke of *Der National Demokrat* of Dubuque early in January, 1915, that made me aware of the catastrophe Dr. Richter had endured.

A few sentences from two letters of Mr. Downer from whom I have already quoted will suggest the cheerful sturdy courage and the congenial humor and humanness of the man in the midst of his distress:

This afternoon [Jan. 21, 1915] I went to see my old journalistic running mate Dr. Richter and I told him that your letter brought me. I found him in his flat on the third floor of the Walsh apartments, seated in a wheel chair watching sundry small villains in the school yard opposite trying to pound the heads off each other. The doctor showed me your last letter and appreciated your thought for him and explained that he only wrote a few letters but did not mean to forget you.

Seated in his wheel chair he looked out on the world and found it good. He was still captain of his soul. His friends climbed the stairs to enjoy his friendship. They will always remember him.

Such complete reticence, such self-repression in these hectic days of "self-expression" and "self-exploitation"—when so many "enjoy poor health" and nurse all of their aches and pains and communicate with all and sundry outside the family circle in the most "intimate confidences," when hypochondria has become a fashionable high art and "affected by public interest"—such ability to consume his own smoke and to suffer in silence discloses a character at once rare, attractive, and strong, and one may discern therein why a golden glow makes radiant the memories of Dr. Richter's friends.

The contents of a letter of Dr. Richter to me of November 28, 1916, are given in considerable part to indicate first his variable health, second, his persistence in his work, and third, his stoical acceptance of the result of the presidential election of that year.

* * * * *

I beg your particular pardon for not having written sooner.

Your contribution to the German American Jahrbuch has, of course, been read by me with the usual interest.⁴ * * * Old Nick had me by the

⁴Refers to my Monograph on *The Premises and Significance of Abraham Lincoln's Letter to Theodor Canisius*.

neck. That long and terribly hot spell in July was too much even for me, and I was prostrated by the heat. My condition was such that (without my knowing it) my daughter in New York was telegraphed for. She, however, came too soon for a funeral. Among the many victims of the summer's heat was a good friend of mine, the former telegraph editor of the *Der Demokrat* [Manfred Mainhardt]. * * *

My little work is going on—slowly. I am somewhat handicapped by my physical defects. As you are well aware, this kind of work is growing in scope while in hand. It will eventually be doubly as big as I originally expected, notwithstanding my efforts to cut it short.

The election has disappointed me, but I do not take its result very tragically. It cannot be changed. I have voted for Hughes, Harding and Hull (our congressman) and also for Theophilus for Supr. Court. I think Iowa has done well in recording her protest against the methods of warfare indulged in by some of the papers and some of the orthodox churchmen. There seems to be some hope for the future!

Wishing you a good Thanksgiving appetite, I am sincerely yours,
A. P. Richter.

Meantime—worse than the loss of his invested funds, and worse than the loss of feet, he had to watch and endure the hellish progress of the horrors of the infernal war in Europe. For four years he had to keep his head level, his eyes clear of cinders and dust, and his tongue between his teeth amidst the cyclonic reactions of "war-hate" which raged all about him within his home city and in the nation at large.

If there was one fact more than another which stirred Dr. Richter's pride it was the conspicuous role played by emigrants from Germany in our national history, as the illuminating pages of Professor Faust's *The German Element in the United States* (1909) demonstrate beyond all cavil. Davenport, and Scott County, received thousands of Germans and Hungarians, for the most part refugees from the oppressive conditions they endured in Schleswig, Holstein, Hanover, Prussia, Hungary and Austria. They had prospered notably and constituted a major division of the population of the city and county. Their history, their trials, and successes and distinctive contributions to their new fatherland, Dr. Richter had looked forward to recounting with the fondest of anticipations, and well he might for he had a splendid story of fine successes to relate.

Despite sundry instances of irritation and inflammation of the

relations between our government and the German Empire—with Bismarck over Samoa, with Kaiser Wilhelm II anent his adverse Health and Meat inspection laws in retaliation for the McKinley Tariff law of 1890, his effort to organize a coalition against us in our War with Spain in 1898, the von Diederichs interference with Commodore Dewey in Manila Bay, and the clash with President Roosevelt over Venezuela—Germans and German culture were held in high esteem by Americans generally.

But the Sable Sisters, who were gracious and encouraging when he got under way, suddenly flamed and blazed forth in black and hideous fury. The sullen, ill-suppressed, long-smoldering racial and religious hatreds and political prejudices of the peoples of Central Europe, by the assassination of the Austrian Crown Prince at Serajevo in June, 1914, were brought to focus and flashed forth in cyclonic rage.

When the first war clouds burst in July, 1914, American feelings were mixed. Austria's insensate harshness in her ultimatum to Serbia astounded us and created much sympathy for that small state. Between Russia and Austria we were indifferent and inert. We were more or less unmoved in the grand clash between Russia and France on one hand and Germany and Austria on the other. But Germany's violation of Belgium, which precipitated England's entry into the maelstrom, produced a violent revulsion that swept the great majority of our citizens into pronounced opposition and, as the horrible struggle proceeded, into increasingly hostile criticism of the course of Kaiser Wilhelm II and his high command. Despite our President's and our people's wish we inevitably became involved and finally plunged into the titanic struggle and the horrible mania of "war hate" took possession of us. All things German were proscribed and Germans, native sons, no less than immigrant sires, were looked upon with alert and crass suspicion. It was a hideous debacle of all that makes for civilization. But such is war when it comes!

During 1914-15-16 the air was split with rancorous discussion among us as to the sins and virtues of the contestants. The charges and countercharges wrecked the habits of courtesy and consideration of citizens, one for the other, if they differed in

feelings and opinions. Germans naturally—as blood is thicker than water—sympathized with their families and countrymen hemmed in by the awful wall of fire. They had no use for Frenchmen or Russians. Nor could they see superlative virtues in the British. And have we been predisposed to sing the praises of Britain, especially with the embittered Irish in a constant chorus of hate for all things English? For one hundred and forty years “anti-English” propaganda has been the stock in trade of American politicians. But the sufferings of Belgium, the gas attacks, the submarine violations of international law, and the Lusitania were too much and the hideous cacophony concluded in our entry into the war.

Dr. Richter watched the progress of the awful struggle in Europe with utter distress of soul and the developments on this side the water were to him a veritable medley of misery.

Many of his dearest friends found themselves under surveillance and anon charged with obstructive or treasonable conduct because they did not realize that governments, even though they stand stoutly for liberty of speech during peaceful times, are ruthless in the suppression of serious criticism of their course in waging hostilities. Cicero discovered this fact: *Silent enim leges inter arma*.

The reaction against German culture was so violent that Iowa's chief executive was seized with the popular panic and issued May 23, 1918, with dubious authority, a proclamation proscribing the use of the German language in our public schools. While primarily aimed at the public or tax-supported schools, colleges and the State University, all private colleges and universities were also hit hard in the matter of instruction in German language and literature. The Governor's pronouncement produces some curious reflections when we know that those in control of the high commands of European military establishments exact mastery of the languages of their immediate or probable national enemies by their officers, high and low alike.

Dr. Richter had to stand by and witness another sorry result of the harsh reaction against all things German. He was engaged in more or less intermittent substitute work on *Der Demokrat* over which he had wielded editorial control for so many years. Public hostility and suspicion became so serious that its

local clientele became frightened, fell away and in 1918 the Lischer Brothers felt forced to discontinue the further publication of the paper that had been a proud possession in their family for virtually sixty-two years, and the first German paper to be published in the state, having been started in 1851.

It does not require the poet's discerning eye to imagine the sorry feelings of Dr. Richter as he witnessed the crash of things round about him. For the most part, although neither indifferent nor supine, he followed the scriptural injunction and suffered in silence, as is the wont of the elect of earth. Nevertheless, the influence of his personality was felt and it was pervasive; and on occasion he let his voice be heard when he could aid in the amelioration of the bitterness and devastation of the war. One appearance of Dr. Richter lives vividly in the memory of one who saw much of him in the Public Library, Miss Grace D. Rose, who was librarian from 1906 to 1920. In a letter to me, written at Morristown, New Jersey, where she is now librarian of the Morristown Library, she says:

My last recollection of Dr. Richter was at a Red Cross meeting during the war, after the entry of this country into the struggle. He spoke in deep sorrow over the situation, but urged the German-born Americans to aid the Red Cross in its work of mercy and to be loyal to their adopted country. He expressed doubt of some of the atrocities that were being circulated against Germany but regretted that the world was plunged into the war by that country. It was a fine, sane, and highly patriotic speech that he made.

But the skies were not all a dense black. A genial glow lightened some portions here and there, and now and then a flash brightened things. His friends were near and many and they wished him and his work well. A letter from Davenport's most notable son, the nationally known jurist, Judge John F. Dillon, urging him to compass the achievement of his history must have "lifted" him, to use a Scotch phrase. Anxiety on another score was removed when the same fine friend, who had lightened the load in the dread hospital experience, quietly assured him of funds to insure him against personal financial loss in its publication. Meantime he had striven to forget and lose himself in the work in which genuine delight was his sufficient reward.

It is not always easy to determine what precisely impels one

to undertake a scholastic task, especially in the realm of historical exposition. Sometimes it is a mere accident, or incident; sometimes it is merely another project in the business of earning one's livelihood; and, anon, it is a resultant of a complex of influences, antecedent and collateral, in which idealistic sentiments, rather than mundane advantage, energize, control and color effort.

The recollections of liberty-loving Germans during the past century and a half have been a maze of conflicting memories. Their history has been a story of intermittent sorrow and success, of distress and domination, of subjection to foreign oppressors and of lusty ambitions for world power; of Jena and Sedan; of the pitiable helplessness of Frederick William and the serene assurance of Kaiser Wilhelm I; of the promises of constitutional government and popular rights and the crash of all their hopes in 1848; of the crass indignities inflicted upon Queen Louise by Napoleon between Jena and Friedland and Tilsit and the harsh treaty signed thereat and of the utter ruthlessness of German officers in dealing with the Alsations in Zabern in 1913, a Crown Prince congratulating them and inciting them, *Immer feste darauf* (Go it strong); of vom Stein and Hardenberg and Bismarck and von Moltke; of Gottfried Kinkel and Carl Schurz, of Karl Marx and Ferdinand LaSalle; of Koerner and Schiller and Bernhardt and Nietschke; of the War of Liberation and Waterloo and of the late World Horror and the Treaty of Versailles.

The harsh and stupid governments of the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs, Romanoffs and the Danish dynasty during the middle decades of the last century drove thousands of German and Hungarian liberals from their native lands in Germany, Austria, Russia and Schleswig-Holstein to our friendly shores—for the most part, scions of the highest university culture and social rank. With them came hundreds of thousands of artisans and laborers, merchants and peasant farmers, all of whom eagerly sought either land in fee simple or the right to enter any industrial occupation and to rise to the limit of their abilities and effort. Here they entered mightily and successfully into all forms of industry and commerce, into the arts and sciences. They came to us, especially their notable leaders, with their hearts on fire with hopes for human liberty and constitutional government

which would protect individuals against the arbitrary conduct of rulers and their bureaucratic chiefs and henchmen. During the stormy fifties they entered with furious zeal into the anti-slavery agitation and became a major fighting corps of the newly formed Republican party, and can justly claim a conspicuous, if not dominant part in the selection of Abraham Lincoln for the presidency, and in saving the Union in the Civil War ensuing. It was knowledge of these things that stirred Dr. Richter and impelled him to gather facts about his fellow countrymen in Davenport and Scott County.

Another cluster of facts, we may suspect, animated him besides pride in the achievements of his fellow Germans in this Western Mesopotamia. For most mortals their history is uneventful—a round of normal, prosaic duties and events which do not excite public interest nor induce headlines in the press. “Happy is the people” says Montesquieu “whose annals are uninteresting.” But the lives of the commoners, and their leaders, are at once the basis of the strength of the state and the warp and woof whence is woven the nation’s substantial history. But, and here is the rub,

* * * * * life so fast doth fly
We learn so little and forget so much.

Further we are wont to see the major things—the high mountains—and overlook the minutia near at hand or under our feet in which inheres the potency of life at large, be it society, or the state. Moreover, Dr. Richter knew that the microscope, no less than the majestic 200-inch telescope, discloses the great controlling determinants of life and health and happiness. This fact may explain in part his early formed purpose to gather the materials for a history of the part taken by his fellow Germans in the history of his home city and county.

But another fact may have been an impelling motive. In the mass and rush of things most of the best that enters into and forms the solid substance of a state or nation’s history is either not seen, or if discerned, not appreciated or soon forgotten. Most of the efficient servants of mankind are quiet and unostentatious. In consequence they are unheralded. Those in the seats of au-

thority—those who strut across the stage, or about the streets in high-heeled cothurnus—get the applause, and the hewers of wood, the men in the ranks, are unthought of and unsung. Dr. Richter may have had the stirring last lines of Theodor Koerner's *Aufruf*, or "The Summons to Arms," 1813, in mind:

*Doch stehst du dann, mein Volk, bekränzt vom Glücke,
In deiner Vorzeit heil' gem Siegerglanz:
Vergiss die treuen Toten nicht und schmücke
Auch unsre Urne mit dem Eichenkranz!*
(* * * when thou, my folk, by fortune favored,
Stand'st crowned in victory's halo
Do not forget thy faithful martyrs,
Adorn our urn with live oak bough.)

Or, as he pondered the sorry complexes of adverse fates amidst which most mortals pursue their progress, and in which he was himself involved he may have thought in the refrain of a later German poet, Carl von Holtei, in his "*Lorbeerbaum und Bettelstab*":

*So schwindet Alles hin, Blut, Herz und Schmerz,
Und nur der Sänger kommt nach langer Frist
Und sammelt, was auf Gräbern grünt und blüht
Als Nachwuchs alter, ewig junger Sage.*
(Then all will vanish, heart and hope and pain,
Until some poet comes, in later days,
And picks what sprouts and blooms on sunken graves
Like verdant aftergrowth of ancient lore.)

Dr. Richter seems to have been constrained by such sentiments. In the daily lives of his neighbors, yokemates and fellow burghers, he saw both poetry and pathos; and he deemed their *Odyssey* and *Iliad* no less interesting and no less instructive than the recitals of their High Mightinesses and Sir Oracles who thunder through the pages of our ordinary histories.

With such memories and amidst the hard blows the Fates were dealing him Dr. Richter began the preparation of the manuscript for two stout volumes. The first was published in 1917 after our nation had plunged into the European Horror. It was entitled: *Geschichte der Stadt Davenport und des County Scott nebst Seitenblicken auf das Territorium und den Staat Iowa* and contained 713 pages inclusive of index.

Although written in German and designed for his German compatriots, and with a natural emphasis upon the prominence of the emigrants from the Teutonic countries of Europe, it was not a "pro-German" narrative in any sense of "Pan-Germanism." Dr. Richter was thoroughly in love with his new homeland and he dealt frankly, generously and scientifically with all other racial elements which entered into the making of the fair city of his adoption.

He gives us in rapid sketches the beginnings of political and social life in Davenport and its environs, the French and British rule, the controversies between British and Americans, and the territorial jurisdictions. The narrative is not overloaded with gossip *personalia*. It deals primarily with the basic, the institutional or the organic structures in the life of the people, and with persons as their characters and influence determine the institutional or express the common life or social drifts.

Thus we read of "Squatter-Regierung" and "Primitive Rechtspflege" which played such a prominent part in the actual life of the settlers in their first settlements and in the politics of the day as they took form in the "Claim Associations." We have a chapter on "Jefferson Davis' *Liebesroman*" and "Dred Scott, *Der Sklave*, in Davenport." In Chapter 14, "*Wirken, Leiden und Freuden unserer Pioniere*," we are given interesting touches of the daily work, the daily trials and the domestic amusements of the pioneers; and in Chapter 16, "*Die Prairie*," he describes with the poet's sense for the fineness of things the first views of the gorgeous landscapes our forefathers enjoyed with the masses of brilliant flowers and "the mists of green" the eyes reveled in before railroads and artificial civilization cut through and altered the face of nature. He summons Bryant and Whittier and other bards to his aid in expressing his feelings and opinions.

The first half of the volume is devoted exclusively to the general beginnings of Davenport in the pre-territorial and territorial and the early state periods with little or no reference to Germans. The second half is devoted largely, although not exclusively, to the prominent part played by the German immigrants, beginning with Chapter 35, "*Die Eroberung von Scott County durch die Deutschen*." In rapid succession we are told of "*Die Achtundvierziger*" [the Forty-eighters] (37); "*Die Unge-*

rische [Hungarian] *Immigration*" (39); "*Der Davenport Männerchor*" (41); two chapters on the German press; two on the *Turn-Gemeinde* and its leaders (44-45); "*Die Schleswig-Holstein'schen Kampfgenossen von 1848-1850*" (50), dealing with the memories of the many emigrants from those war-torn provinces of Denmark and the strong sense of comradeship they ever after felt in their new homeland, far from their ancestral penates. The German schools and the German theater are dealt with in two chapters (46, 51) with feelings of pride.

In two chapters only does Dr. Richter show his German resentment of "nativistic" or so-called "Americanistic" notions and public policy, namely, in his Chapter 53, "*Davenport's Wachsthum und Modernisirung*" (Development and Modernization) in which he touches upon "*Temperenz und Know-nothingismus—Das "Maine Liquor Law"—Eine "Whiskey Rebellion,"*" etc. wherein he dwells upon various phases of politics in the stormy decade just before the Civil War. Few historians dissent from the assertion that malevolence of the rankest sort rolled over the nation in ugly tides between 1852 and 1858, and the foreign born were subjected to outrageous mistreatment under the guise of "Americanism," and in consequence they regarded much of the sumptuary legislation of the period not only as fanatical Puritanism but as pharisaical aggression against them and their old-time customs. In his next and last chapter Dr. Richter lets his feelings go in a short, pithy poem entitled "*Die Neuesten Mar-seillaise*" which he reprinted from *Iowa Reform*. It was a sarcastic skit anent anti-German prejudice.

Alas! his high hopes of the laborious years were utterly dashed. The whole world was out of joint. Ugly tides of rancorous "anti-German" feeling were rolling over the land and completely shattered all chances of a favorable reception for his *Geschichte*.

The adverse conditions were such that the preparation of the second volume of the *Geschichte* became a matter of grave doubt. One interesting story has come to me that illustrates the confusion of the day and somewhat of its perplexity: The manuscript, I have been informed, was prepared and forwarded to the printer—the latter, it is alleged, because of the hostile attitude of the people and the government then towards everything German, became alarmed and in a panic of fear destroyed the manu-

script. The recollections of others in Davenport, and those within the family circle, while not able flatly to contradict, cannot confirm. One thing, however, is true: the manuscript of the second volume is not extant.

All Dr. Richter's friends recognized the mistake in judgment he had made in publishing in German; but they were no less certain that his "Collections" and his *Geschichte* contained much which they and the public should have. Many influential friends urged and encouraged him to reproduce and extend his narrative in English. Arrangements to this end were made.

In the forepart of 1920 Dr. Richter returned to his daughter's home in California where he passed the remainder of his days. His folios of memoranda and notes went back with him and he devoted his leisure time to the composition of the narrative that was outlined and started before he left Davenport.

Amidst all these sorry buffetings of Fate Dr. Richter steadily carried on, although at times he must have worked in a state of despair and utter depression of heart. With some hesitation I venture to quote generously from a letter of his to me of June 9, 1920, written from Long Beach, California. It states with painful frankness the ruthless wreckage of his fondest hopes; but the letter also displays his sure balance of judgment, a serene stoicism that made him master of his soul:

* * * * *

The time was not propitious for the book [*Geschichte von Davenport*]. Most of the Germans in Davenport, intimidated by Gov. Harding and the Council of Defense, were afraid to buy a German book, or to be found in possession of one. Many others were not interested, and the younger generation, while yet able to understand and speak the language, cannot read a German book or paper. From my personal experiences, old and recent, I can assure Gov. Harding and others that their presumption that by the use of the German language the foundations of the Republic could be undermined, is entirely wrong.

My cash loss in the undertaking amounts to fully \$1200. Of the 2000 printed copies I had only 1500 bound, leaving the others with the printer. About 275 have been sold as literary garbage to the junk dealer at one-third of a cent a pound, bound books bringing much less than old newspapers.

I am now writing a history in English, which appears in installments

in the Sunday issue of the *Davenport Democrat*, beginning April 11th. Not being able to do any physical work, I consider the arrangement with the paper a very good one. I occupy my time in an agreeable manner and remunerative one, earning an "honest dollar" at the rate of \$..... per installment, and publisher and writer think they are performing a little public service.

* * * * *

The series as it appeared in the *Democrat* was entitled:

A TRUE HISTORY OF SCOTT COUNTY
ITS PEOPLE, CITIES, TOWNS AND INSTITUTIONS
A Monument to Our Predecessors and an Example
For Their Successors
By Aug. P. Richter

The series appeared continuously in the Sunday issues from April 11, 1920, to November 13, 1922, 136 installments altogether, each amounting to four solid columns per Sunday in small eight-point or brevier type, to use the typesetter's jargon.

Public interest in his historical papers was such that, a year and a half later, Dr. Richter was asked to contribute additional chapters to *The Daily Times*. The series began May 3, 1924. It consisted of 36 installments concluding January 3, 1925. They dealt with the origins and notable events and men of various communities, townships and towns and smaller cities of Scott County either not considered, or inadequately portrayed in his first series, namely, Allen's Grove, Bettendorf, Blue Grass, Bowling Green, Buffalo, Donahue, LeClaire, Princeton, Pleasant Valley, Rockingham, Summit, Walnut Grove and others. Characterization or exposition is not feasible as I have not had access to the files of the *Times*.

It is regrettable that the type of the *True History* was not so set that the forms could have been lifted, rearranged and rerun in book form. The narrative which will be a valuable collection of local data in an easy running narrative, would thus have been preserved for both private and public use for years to come. As it is now it will not be many years before the files of the *Democrat* (and the *Times* also) will be unusable, because printed, as our daily papers now are, on flimsy wood pulp paper those files will at best have but a short life; and not very long either unless special care is exercised by the guardians of stack or store rooms

wherein such files are housed; religiously to keep the heat below normal.

The narrative of Dr. Richter's *Geschichte*, as published, came down substantially to 1856. The narrative of the *True History* reaches the middle of the nineties. The latter, like the former, is neither annals or chronicles in form, nor a collection of biographical memorabilia, nor a scrap heap of miscellaneous data dealt with hit-or-miss. Further, in the second, as in his first narrative, he exercised the severest restraint in keeping out such literary padding as "biographies" of the innumerable local notables, male and female, with which so many of our commercially promoted county histories are loaded down. The men and women given particular mention were those justly lauded for their energy and potency in the upbuilding of the county and its institutions or in determining the course of public policy or the turns and twists of local politics and governmental administration. In general his English *History of Scott County* proceeds chronologically, but within each decade or period covered we have the personal and the public intermingled in an interesting fashion; now general political movements are dealt with in vigorous strokes and then personal episodes and picturesque personalities are presented. He was writing primarily for his old-time fellow citizens and he includes many names which severe literary technicians might not mention, but they were all among the *dramatis personae*. His English is always lucid and limpid. His descriptions of persons or places or situations are pithy and vivid. His comments and characterizations of men and measures are pointed and vigorous.

Dr. Richter did not allow himself even in this popular series to pursue the practice, very common in local histories, of indulging in excessive laudation of his city and county, asserting that all within their confines were the first, the finest, the greatest, the most important in the state or the country or "the world" and so on *ad nauseam*. There is a notable absence of all invidious or odious comparisons which alienate or irritate the judicious and the stranger who may peruse his narrative.

Another fact stands out in the clear. The narrative is straight-

forward and impartial. It gives the lights and the shadows, the good and the bad, progress and perversion. There is no over-emphasis of this or that set of facts or interests or promotion of any propaganda or peculiar views. While Dr. Richter was a sturdy Teuton and proud of the great role of his fellow Germans in the history of Davenport and environs, you would not suspect it from the quiet presentation of the part which they took in the common progress of the city and county. I am certain that an "American" chronicler would have laid his brush on thicker in laudation of the virtues of the Germans and "played up" the notable roles by Germans at various junctures of the local, state and national history with ostentatious discrimination. I do not mean that he does not display his interest in the Germans, for he clearly does, but his natural prejudice is displayed mainly by quiet correction of prejudicial errors or the explosion of popular presumptions entertained as regards alleged perverse customs or conduct of the Germans. Dr. Richter was a Prussian by birth, and tradition credits Prussians with a rather lusty self-assertion, but he devotes more consideration and bestows more favorable comment upon Hungarians and Schleswig-Holsteiners than upon any other group of his fellow Germans.

The stormy decades of the fifties and the sixties receive more extended and detailed treatment at Dr. Richter's hands than the two decades following, and not unnaturally, for in the fifties Iowa was becoming aware of itself and receiving those flooding influences which determined her public policy for the next half century. The nation and the state were torn with the momentous discussions that shook the nation to its very center, and the ensuing Civil War was a convulsion which rived and scarred our common life most fatefully and from the sorry effects thereof we have not fully recovered.

Dr. Richter's accounts of developments in Scott County give us a cross section of the state and nation at large; and they are both interesting and instructive. The antislavery movement and the formation of the Republican party and its conquest of the seats of authority in Iowa in 1854 and 1856—the outbreaks of malevolent antforeign prejudice which blazed forth in incendiaryism and brutal outrages under the guise of Know-Nothing-

ism—the “Temperance” agitation and the passage by a popular referendum of a “Maine Liquor Law” prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic stimulants—the coming of the railroads and the wild craze for the issuance of bonds by counties to promote their construction—the crucial state political campaign of 1859—the execution of John Brown and the outburst of German sympathy for him in Davenport—all these dramatic developments are clearly and comprehensively considered.

The same favorable opinion will follow upon reading the stirring chapters on the events of the Civil War. Davenport was then no mean city. It was a commercial center on the Mississippi of considerable influence. Its proximity to Rock Island and its arsenal and collateral industries gave it primary military importance. Her citizens were very alert and energetic in doing their share in the prosecution of the war to save the Union. Camp McClellan hard by enhanced their local concern for it was a rendezvous for mustering and training troops. He has garnered much that should not be forgotten.

The chapters dealing with the events of the two following decades are packed with interesting clusters of facts showing the general developments of Davenport, the commercial and political *entrepot* of the county. One might profitably linger over their contents with mounting interest and instruction.

The narrative is not a continuous solemn procession of erudite, ponderous, and solid prose. It is a moving panorama of the life of the people; and precisely as in life there is a constant variation in the nature of the contents. Business and manufacture one moment engages us; then art and music, the theater and the Academy of Science or the work of the schools. Churches and their problems are under our eye with sympathetic consideration, and then the infinite perplexities of government may be the next matters to engage the reader's attention. The ordinary minutia of life comes into the narrative. Programs of meetings, such as the celebration of notable anniversaries, with the names of all the speakers and their toasts or themes, and anon the menus of banquets revive the memories of Davenporters. Dr. Richter's poetical inclinations are clearly indicated in the frequent quotation of lines from famous poems ancient and modern and often from local bards. The nature of the chapters afford the residents

of Scott County a history somewhat after the manner of Mr. Sullivan's *Our Times*.

There are many valuable—indeed it is not too strong to say invaluable—chapters in Dr. Richter's *True History* for the future historians of Iowa, but there are none more interesting and instructive than those dealing with the history of the various state wide movements for statutory prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic stimulants, which had its first culmination in 1855 and then again in the latter part of the seventies and the forepart of the eighties. The fury and fanaticism of the latter campaign are far from reproduced, although one may perceive in the quiet recital of the major facts and developments much of the material that produced the bitterness and rancor. He does not "let himself go" in describing the exciting experiences of the citizens of Davenport in the referendum on the Constitutional Amendment of 1882, and the dramatic events leading to the decision of the Supreme Court in the noted case of *Koehler v. Hill* (60 Iowa, 543) which was handed down by that court in session in Davenport in which the amendment adopted by a majority of 30,000 votes cast at a most hotly contested election was declared invalid because of serious defects in the procedure of the General Assembly in passing the proposed amendment preliminary to its submission to the people. Four simple, short words, "or to be used," were in the Amendment on its passage through the state Senate in the Eighteenth General Assembly. They were not found in the enrolled bill signed by the president of the Senate in the nineteenth session. The Amendment submitted to the voters was not reprinted verbatim in the journals of each house, as passed, in the consecutive sessions of the General Assembly, as specifically required by the provisions of the Constitution of Iowa. The explanation of the excision or omission—whether due to clerical inadvertance or sinister design—may not be feasible. But it was a technicality of the sheerest sort; but its observance was clearly mandatory. The intense bitterness following the publication of Judge Day's ruling, in which five out of the six justices sitting in the hearing concurred, probably has never before nor since been equaled in the history of the state.

Had Dr. Richter wanted to indulge in biting contempt and

point a moral of enormous significance he might have called attention to the difference between the hurricane of abuse which assailed the justices of our high court in 1883 for standing squarely upon the technical terms of the supreme law and the hallelujah chorus of superlative praise for the justices of the same high court thirty years later when in the case of *Pilkington v. Potwin* (163 Iowa, 86) they held invalid and ineffective the petitions of the owners or operators of ninety-nine saloons in Des Moines seeking renewals of their licenses under the Mule Law—so holding because a young lady employed by them had inadvertently neglected to secure the renewal of her notarial commission, the sheerest sort of a technicality—so holding despite the frantic efforts of attorneys in their behalf and the passage of a retroactive “legalizing” or “curative act” by the General Assembly pronouncing them without virtue, *pendente lite nihil innovetur*. But, although the crass inconsistency of the “friends of temperance” screamed to heaven, Dr. Richter held his pen, and we may easily imagine the glint in his eyes and the sardonic smile that spread over his stern countenance as he reflected upon the violent differences when it is your ox which is gored and when it is the other fellow’s ox.

Dr. Richter’s fine balance of judgment and his habits of courtesy and consideration for those with whom he had differed are shown unequivocally in dealing with churches and clergymen and with what he and others regarded as “the infernal temperance question.” He had suffered acutely many a time by reason of the contemptuous and harsh criticism of his course in stoutly resisting fanatical propaganda demanding restrictive legislation in matters which he earnestly believed to be properly with man’s personal discretion under the principles of our Constitution and traditions of freedom; and churchmen were more than ordinarily harsh in their references to him. But while he wielded a pen that was sharp, and if need be, he could dip it deep in acid inks and scorch his critics by scathing sarcasm, his *True History* contains no retorts in kind. He does not allow himself to “get even” with his maligners. He was controlled by the kindly injunction in Mathew Prior’s well-known lines (in which I substitute “their” for “her”):

Be to their virtues very kind;
Be to their faults a little blind.

Although a nonchurchman with the views of an agnostic it matters not whether Dr. Richter is dealing with Catholics or Protestants or Evangelicals or the Salvation Army there is no contempt and no indulgence in flings or flouts—rather a fair and generous presentation of the matters affecting each. Thus in dealing with Father Pelamorgues or Bishop Cosgrove of the Catholic Church, or Bishops H. W. Lee and W. S. Perry of the Episcopal Church, or the Rev. Jonas Hartzell, the “Campbellite” minister of the Disciples of Christ, he is gracious in discriminating their public achievements and recalling the public’s applause of their lives. Hon. Hiram Price and Mr. A. C. Fulton were doughty champions of temperance and prohibition, but their characters and good works are portrayed in generous colors.

Davenport, within the coming three or six years, will celebrate its centenary. Her citizens will have very much in the history of their fair city to recall with pride. Her chroniclers and philosophical historians must needs search for the grounds of their appreciation; and Dr. Richter’s chapters in the *Democrat* and *Times* will be next door to original sources. Under the circumstances it does not seem inappropriate to offer two suggestions to his fellow townsmen.

Among Davenport’s numerous literary folk there must be those with editorial ability and discernment for historical connections and significance who could assemble the cognate matter of the two series published in the columns of the *Democrat* and the *Times*, eliminate duplication and redundancy and consolidate the two into a continuous and comprehensive narrative of the city and county’s growth. If some one does not undertake the task Dr. Richter’s work will probably be substantially lost within the coming twenty years because of the rapid disintegration of the pulp paper on which modern city papers are now printed. Men with the keenness of appreciation, historical sense and methodical habits of collecting, displayed by Dr. Richter, do not grow on every bush and tree roundabout. A stitch in time saves nine.

In Santa Monica, California, in the custody of his daughter, Miss Katharine, are the folios of Dr. Richter's memoranda and notes, now in storage, representing his garnerings of many years of painstaking searches in the old files of Davenport's newspapers, interviews with the pioneers of Davenport and Scott County, all or nearly all of whom have passed beyond recall now, the data assembled and more or less classified. They would be invaluable to all seeking facts about the history of the city and county. It would be both fitting and wise for some of Davenport's generous citizens to institute measures to secure by purchase Dr. Richter's collections and place them in their Public Library, classify and index them and make them available for the press, schools and citizens in days to come.

Our state and national governments in recent decades have spent large sums recovering the historical lore of their people. Generous sums have been contributed to send men to the north and south poles, to the heart of Asia, Africa and South and Central America to search for and bring back geological, zoological and archeological remains. Our state is spending huge sums to keep records of cattle, hogs, horses and sheep, and the culture of grains and fruits. The citizens of Davenport have been forward in supporting their Academy of Science and they are notably proud of their Municipal Art Gallery. The data and analysis and narrative of their industrial, financial, governmental, musical, political, religious and social history are not a whit less interesting and important.

The purchase of Dr. Richter's collections is suggested for what constitutes, it is submitted, an appropriate and sufficient reason. After the manner of many a true scholar Dr. Richter gave himself without stint and gladly to his studies, just as he gave generously to any one who appealed to him for aid. He did not always stop prudently to see whether it would "pay" or not in the worldly sense of the term. He served his city with the fidelity and fervor of a soldier at the front under the injunctions of a stern and watchful conscience—and he served effectively and steadily through the best years of his life. Dire catastrophe—such as no mortal could or would ordinarily foresee or fend against—struck him down in the evening of his life and he was

unable to secure the one to whom he had committed his collections safe against the accidents of time. The Emersonian law of compensation was not a mere sentimental observation of the seer of Concord. It is a part of the eternal fitness of things. In consequence it is a part of our great common law and is known in the familiar parlance of courts as the rule of *quantum meruit*.

Dr. Richter's remaining days were passed quietly amidst the sunshine and flowers of Southern California, in the home of his daughter, Mrs. T. C. Murdoch, in Santa Monica. Up to the last, despite his physical handicaps, he was active. He was alertly interested in the world's panorama roundabout him. The currents and eddies of public discussion, as of old, probably held first place in his moments of relaxation. The fuss and splutter of the throngs in Vanity Fair amused him and he vented a genial cynicism upon poor mortals feverishly seeking to compass great social reforms via the machinery and runways of government. Although far away he ever remained an Iowan. Not a little of his daily effort was given to letters to and from his old friends and confreres in Davenport. For those old time friends his generous nature always welled up in good wishes and courteous tenders of good will if he could further their plans or pleasure. His books and chapters in his "History" continued to be the magnets that drew forth and held his energy. He was gathering and assembling data upon the merger of two banks of his old home city when the last call came. It came suddenly, and with no warning, and with no drawn-out distress. He suffered a paralytic stroke. Within a few hours, and with no noticeable suffering, his sturdy spirit ceased from labor and departed, Monday, February 8, 1926.

Four fine lines of Dryden fitly describe the life of the man whose spirit left that day:

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of a soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end;
Who gained no title, and lost no friend.

ANNALS OF IOWA

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

NOTABLE DEATHS

JOHN L. KAMRAR was born in Union County, Pennsylvania, October 12, 1842, and died in Webster City, Iowa, December 27, 1929. When he was fifteen years old he accompanied his parents, John and Mary (McGill) Kamrar, in their removal to a farm in Stephenson County, Illinois. He had attended an academy in Franklin, Pennsylvania, and in Illinois, between the seasons of working on his father's farm, he made such progress that he was graduated from the Mount Carroll, Illinois, High School in 1863. He engaged in teaching, but resigned the principalship of a school at Savannah, Illinois, in 1864, to enlist in Company E, One Hundred and Forty-sixth Illinois Infantry, in which he served as a lieutenant. From 1865 to 1869 he farmed in Stephenson County, but in 1869 removed to Webster City, Iowa. In 1870 he entered a partnership with David D. Miracle in the real estate and abstract business. After a course of reading law he was admitted to the bar in Webster City in 1872. He aided in securing the construction of the C. and N. W. Railroad through Hamilton County, on which the town of Kamrar was named for him. He served on the local school board and was twice mayor of Webster City. He was elected senator in 1881 and served in the Nineteenth and Twentieth general assemblies. In 1888 he was elected on the Republican ticket as a presidential elector. The same year he unsuccessfully contended for the Republican nomination for Congress from the Tenth District, that being the year that J. P. Dolliver received his first nomination. In 1895 Mr. Kamrar received substantial support for the nomination for governor, but lost with others to General Drake. On April 23, 1914, Governor Clarke appointed him judge of the Eleventh Judicial District, to serve the unexpired term of Judge C. G. Lee, resigned. Mr. Kamrar was a man of fine character and ability, and stood high in his profession.

JAMES WILLIAM GOOD was born September 24, 1866, on a farm near Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and died at Washington, D. C., November 18, 1929. Interment was in Oak Hill Cemetery, Cedar Rapids. His parents were Henry and Margaret Elizabeth (Combs) Good. He attended country school, the academy in connection with Coe College, and was graduated from Coe College in 1892. In 1893 he was graduated from the Law Department of the University of Michigan. He began the practice of law at Indianapolis, Indiana, and a few years later removed to Cedar Rapids for the practice of his profession, first as a partner of C. J. Deacon, his father-in-law, and later of the firm of Deacon,

Good, Sargent & Spangler. He early entered politics, and was city attorney from 1906 to 1908. On R. G. Cousins's retirement as a member of Congress from the Fifth Iowa District, Mr. Good was elected, and served from 1909 to 1921, when he resigned to enter the practice of law in Chicago as a member of the firm of Good, Childs, Bobb & Westcott. During his last two terms in Congress he was chairman of the Appropriations Committee and of the Committee on the Budget. In the national campaign of 1924 he had charge of the western headquarters of the Republican National Committee at Chicago, and in 1928 he again had charge of the western headquarters of the National Committee. On Mr. Hoover's inauguration Mr. Good was appointed Secretary of War, which office he held at the time of his death. He was an efficient public official, and was always active in public affairs. His long service in Congress is regarded as his most noteworthy achievement. His organizing ability and diplomacy displayed on various occasions gave him an unique place among the leaders of his party.—B. L. W.

HENRY DE LONG was born at Old Brighton, Beaver County, Pennsylvania, September 7, 1834, and died in Council Bluffs, Iowa, May 12, 1927. In 1844 his parents joined the Mormon church, and he was with them in their removal the same year to Nauvoo, Illinois. The next year they both died and soon thereafter the son following the trek of the Mormons westward, reached Council Bluffs, then called Kanesville, in 1846. As a boy of twelve years he supported himself by manual labor, but managed to attend for three months a school held in a log school-house. This was the only schooling he ever received. He spent a few years as an employee of the Ocean Wave saloon, and while there one night attended a church meeting, going in fun, but was converted. November 5, 1864, he enlisted in the Third Iowa Battery, and was mustered out October 23, 1865, at Davenport. From his own savings he purchased the site of the Ocean Wave saloon and was instrumental in securing the erection of the Broadway Methodist Church on that location. In 1870 he was admitted to the Methodist Conference and was appointed to the Council Bluffs Circuit, which covered parts of Pottawattamie, Mills and Harrison counties. A few years later at his own request he was located in Council Bluffs as a local missionary. In his later years he established the reputation of the "Marrying Minister" and for some time had an office down town. He maintained his clearness of mind to the last. He had lived in Council Bluffs eighty-one years, far longer than any one else.

ADDISON L. DANIELS died at the home of his sister, Adeliza Daniels, at Marion, Iowa, November 9, 1929, at the age of seventy-nine years. He was the son of Preston Daniels who located in Linn County in 1846, and who, three years later, married Mary Keyes. The father was prominently identified with the development of Marion and Cedar

Rapids, and was a member of the firm of A. Daniels & Company, of which he was president for many years, and was one of the leading and most enterprising and public spirited men in the community where he resided. He died in 1897 at the age of seventy-eight years. The Daniels family were of Welsh descent and emigrated to Massachusetts shortly after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. Addison Daniels, one of this family, came to Linn County in 1840 and located in Marion. He and four others in 1841 laid out the city of Cedar Rapids. He was one of the early postmasters both at Marion and later at Cedar Rapids. He, a few years later, was joined by his brothers, Preston, Lowell and Lawson Daniels. This family became the leading merchants, bankers, investors and railroad builders in eastern Iowa and were the pioneers in the development of a new country. Addison L. Daniels early entered into the employ of his uncles and father and became prominently identified with the various developments, especially in Marion, where he was a banker, built a large hotel and also erected the Marion Water Works, which he operated with success for many years. Mr. Daniels was a man of vision, and from early life took an active interest in the upbuilding of the community where he was born and where he lived for so many years. His death was the occasion of deep and widespread regret in both business and social circles.—B. L. W.

THEODORE NEVIN MORRISON was born in Ottawa, Illinois, February 18, 1850, and died in Davenport, Iowa, December 27, 1929. Interment was in Pine Hill Cemetery, Davenport. His parents were Theodore Nevin Morrison, a Protestant Episcopal clergyman, and Ann Eliza (Howland) Morrison. When Theodore N., Jr., was three years old the family removed to Jacksonville, Illinois. There he attended public school and was graduated in 1870 from Illinois College, Jacksonville, with the degree of A. B. He then entered the General Theological Seminary, New York, from which he was graduated in 1873. The same year he was made a deacon of the Protestant Episcopal church and given a charge in Pekin, Illinois. In 1876 he was elevated to the priesthood and made rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Chicago, which he served for twenty-two years. In 1898 he was elected bishop of Iowa, after which time he resided in Davenport. He was scholarly, conservative, wise, tolerant, and greatly loved, not only by communicants of his own church, but also by the public.

WILBUR W. MARSH was born in Utica, New York, July 14, 1862, and died in Waterloo, Iowa, December 22, 1929. Burial was in Elmwood Cemetery, Waterloo. His parents, Charles and Janet Blair Marsh, removed with their family to New York City when Wilbur was a small boy. There he attended public school and the College of the City of New York. The father bought a farm near Jesup, Iowa, and the son spent considerable time there. He was engaged for a time in New York

City in handling farm produce, especially butter. In 1897 he removed to Waterloo and became a partner in the Hackett & Daily Creamery Supply Company, which in 1902 they incorporated as the Iowa Dairy Separator Company with Mr. Marsh president. Still later it became the Associated Manufacturers Company with Mr. Marsh as a director. He was also director in the Guernsey Cattle Association of America, and in the National Dairy Association. He took great pride in his herd of Guernsey cattle, which was for some years conceded to be the best in America. He was also a director in several local banks, and was president of the Iowa Fire Insurance Company of Waterloo. He early became interested in politics, but did not seek public office for himself. He was a delegate at large from Iowa to the national Democratic conventions of 1912, 1920, 1924, and 1928. He was the Iowa member of the Democratic National Committee from 1915 to 1924, and was its treasurer from 1916 to 1924. He was an ardent supporter of Champ Clark and later of Alfred E. Smith in their candidacies. He was highly regarded for his integrity, reliability and good judgment, and exercised an important influence in the actions and policies of his party. His achievements in business and in politics made him one of Iowa's most noted and widely known men.

JOHN BRADLEY was born near Buda, Bureau County, Illinois, April 2, 1864, and died at Montezuma Iowa, November 5, 1929. His parents, George and Ann Bradley, removed to a farm near Montezuma in 1869. John attended public school in the country, and the academy connected with Iowa College, Grinnell, and taught school several years. He took a course in Elliott's Business College, Burlington, and from 1894 to 1906 conducted a clothing store in Montezuma in partnership with James E. Anderson. In 1906 he sold his interest in the store and purchased a farm which he conducted until a few years before his death, when he retired to his home in Montezuma. Besides other local activities and responsibilities he served as a member of the County Board of Supervisors from 1915 to 1918. He was elected representative in 1918, was re-elected in 1920, and again in 1922, serving from the Thirty-eighth to the Fortieth Extra General Assembly.

ROBERT LEAL PARRISH was born in Cambridge, Washington County, New York, July 25, 1854, and died in Barranquilla, Columbia, South America, November 25, 1929. Burial was at Leon, Iowa. His parents were William W. and Martha Ann (Harkness) Parrish. The family removed to Decatur County Iowa, about 1872. Robert attended local schools, taught school at an early age, and was graduated in liberal arts from the State University of Iowa in 1875. He read law in the offices of Leon lawyers and was admitted to the bar there in 1876. He had at different times as partners there C. W. Hoffman, E. W. Haskett, John L. Young, and John W. Harvey, being a partner of the latter for

eleven years. On the resignation of W. H. Tedford as judge of the Third Judicial District in August, 1901, a Republican district convention was called to nominate a candidate to be voted for at the fall election. Mr. Parrish was nominated and Governor Shaw at once appointed him to serve until some one was elected and qualified. Mr. Parrish was elected with almost no opposition and served until December, 1903, when he resigned and removed to Des Moines and entered practice with his brother, J. L. Parrish, and C. C. Dowell, as senior member of Parrish, Dowell & Parrish. Later he was for a time in partnership with A. L. Hager as Parrish & Hager, and still later, practiced alone. The last three or four years of his life were mostly spent in Barranquilla where he looked after legal matters for the El Prado Urbanization Company and for Parrish & Company, both organizations headed by his son, Karl C. Parrish. Judge Parrish had high standing as a lawyer and as a citizen.

FRED OSCAR HINKSON was born in Canaan, Grafton County, New Hampshire, December 17, 1855, and died in Stuart, Iowa, November 8, 1929. When he was fourteen years old he accompanied his parents when they removed and located on land in Jefferson Township, Adair County, Iowa, a few miles southwest of Stuart. There he helped his father break the land and cultivate the farm during summers, while winters he attended school in the country. When eighteen years old his father gave him his time, provided he would educate himself. That fall, 1873, he taught his first term of school and the next fall he entered Simpson College. He alternately worked on farms, taught school and attended college until in 1882 he was graduated from Simpson College, and in 1883, from the Law Department of the State University of Iowa. He then located in Stuart and entered the practice of law, which he continued for over thirty years, then relinquished most of his active practice because of the loss of hearing. He at one time served as mayor of Stuart. In 1897, running on a fusion ticket of the Democratic and Peoples' parties, he was elected representative from Guthrie County and served in the Twenty-seventh General Assembly, being classified as a Silver Republican.

ALVIN JASPER McCRARY was born near Keosauqua, Van Buren County, Iowa, March 20, 1844, and died in Binghampton, New York, November 23, 1929. His parents were Abner Harrison and Narcissa (Mangum) McCrary. He attended local school, the Daniel Lane Academy of Keosauqua, and Oskaloosa College. He enlisted May 13, 1864, in Company F, Forty-seventh Iowa Infantry, and was mustered out at the end of his service September 28, 1864, at Davenport. In 1865 he began the study of law in the office of Rankin & McCrary in Keokuk. On admission to the bar in 1866 he became a member of the firm of Hagerman, McCrary & Hagerman, and later of Craig, McCrary &

Craig. On the death of Judge J. M. Casey he was appointed judge of the First Judicial District, served the remainder of Judge Casey's term, and then resumed practice. He was one of the organizers of the Iowa Bar Association and was prominent in his profession. He was a member of the Baptist church in Keokuk, was for twenty-one years superintendent of the Sunday school of that church, was for five years president of the Iowa State Baptist Association, was a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, and a director in the Keokuk Library Association. In 1900 he removed to Binghampton, New York, and became counsel for the International Time Recorder, and for other corporations, retiring from active practice in 1922.

LESTER V. CARTER was born on a farm near New Providence, Hardin County, Iowa, January 30, 1879, and died at his home at New Providence December 31, 1929. His parents were James K. and Martha Ann Carter. He was educated in public school, at the old New Providence Academy, and at Penn College, Oskaloosa, being graduated from Penn in 1904. He taught school at New Providence, in Penn College Academy, and was principal of Grant School, Oskaloosa. In 1907 he engaged in farming and livestock business near Lawn Hill, Hardin County, which he successfully pursued until failing health overtook him. He was a public spirited and useful citizen, served as a member of New Providence School Board for many years, as a member of Hardin County Board of Education, as township trustee, was president of the Hardin County Farm Bureau, and was identified with several farmers' organizations. He was also a trustee of Penn College for several years. In 1920 he was elected representative, and re-elected in 1922, 1924, and 1926, serving inclusively from the Thirty-ninth to the Forty-second general assemblies. He was chairman of the Schools and Textbooks Committee in the Fortieth, and of the Appropriations Committee in the Forty-first General Assembly. He was elected speaker of the House of the Forty-second General Assembly and won general approval for the able manner in which he conducted the office.

JOHN B. ELLIOTT was born at Poland, Ohio, in 1852, and died in Knoxville, Iowa, December 24, 1929. His parents were Jared K. and Mary (Brown) Elliott. He attended public school and was three years in Poland College. When sixteen years old he accompanied his parents in their removal to Pleasant Grove Township, Marion County, Iowa. For several years he taught school during winters and in 1875 was elected representative, was re-elected in 1879 and served in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth general assemblies. He read law in the offices of J. T. Anderson and David O. Collins of Knoxville and was admitted to the bar in 1876. He practiced law in Knoxville until 1884 when he became cashier of the Knoxville National Bank, with which he was connected for forty-five years, being elected president in 1911. He was

also interested financially in farming and in coal mining. He was a Democrat in politics, was a member of the Democratic State Central Committee from 1887 to 1890, and in 1890 Governor Boies appointed him a member of a committee to select a location for the erection of a home for the blind. Largely through his leadership Knoxville was selected as the location, and in time it became the nucleus of the Veterans' Hospital now located there.

KATHRYN (PRENTIS) MUNGER was born in Vermilion, South Dakota, August 25, 1877, and died in Sioux City, Iowa, January 6, 1930. Burial was in Graceland Park Cemetery, Sioux City. Her parents were Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Prentis. She was graduated from Vermilion High School, after which she attended Miss Capin's School for Girls at Northampton, Massachusetts, was one year at Leland Stanford University, was graduated from the University of South Dakota, Vermilion, and later attended the Chicago School of Music. On June 8, 1904, she was married to Robert H. Munger, now a judge of the Fourth Judicial District of Iowa. Soon after their marriage they removed to Sioux City. She attained prominence in church and social work, in society, and in patriotic organizations. She was a deaconess of the First Congregational Church of Sioux City, and was a member of the Board of Directors of the Community House, Sioux City. She was prominent in the Federation of Women's Clubs and was a member of several social and patriotic organizations, was a past state regent, and at the time of her death, vice president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She was a member of the commission, provided for by the Forty-second General Assembly, along with former Senator Grout, and with Curator E. R. Harlan of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department, to locate the graves of soldiers of the American Revolution who were buried in Iowa.

ORLANDO BILLINGS COURTRIGHT was born on a farm in De Kalb County, Illinois, November 11, 1849, and died in Waterloo, Iowa, January 13, 1930. Burial was in Oak Hill Cemetery, Parkersburg. He was with his parents Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Courtright, as they removed to a farm in Grundy County, Iowa, in 1859. He attended public school in Grundy County, and was a student in Rockford Academy, Rockford, Illinois, from 1868 to 1870. For the following two years he farmed on the frontier in Nebraska, but in 1872 returned to Iowa and bought the *Ackley Enterprise*, which he edited two years, and in which he retained an interest for five years more. Reading law in the meantime, he was admitted to the bar in 1877 and began practice in Parkersburg. Here he was associated with M. F. Edwards, and later with J. W. Arbuckle. He removed to Waterloo in 1894, retaining his partnership with Mr. Arbuckle. In 1901 he was elected senator and served in the Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth and Thirty-first general assemblies. In 1919 he was

appointed judge of Municipal Court of Waterloo to fill a vacancy, was elected as his own successor in 1920, and continued to serve until 1924, when he resumed practice. He rendered distinctive service as a legislator, and stood high in his profession.

WILLIAM LINCOLN LONG was born in Fairfield, Iowa, December 27, 1860, and died in a hospital in Kansas City December 11, 1929. Burial was in Evergreen Cemetery, Fairfield. He was educated in the public schools of his native city and worked on his father's farm near there during his youth and early manhood. On removing to Fairfield he became city clerk, serving several years. He was also superintendent of waterworks and of the electric light plant. He was clerk of the District Court of Jefferson County for four years, 1895-98. He was in the clothing business for a time, being the senior member of the firm of Long & Kemp, and was later engaged as a real estate broker. In 1918 he was elected representative, and was three times re-elected, serving inclusively from the Thirty-eighth to the Forty-first General Assembly.

ALBERT C. ROSS was born in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, June 27, 1847, and died in Dell Rapids, South Dakota, December 12, 1929. Burial was at Osage, Iowa. His parents were James and Mary Ross. He was naturally studious, attended common school, and later Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, and followed teaching for over twenty years in five different states. He came to Iowa in 1875 and was principal, a position now interpreted as superintendent, of the schools of Tipton, Osage, and Hampton. He was financially interested in the *Osage News* from 1882 to 1897, having E. D. Chassell with him as part owner a few years. Mr. Ross was editor of it the last few years of that time, and was also a member of the local board of education. He was an active member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and was a member of the General Conference of 1896, going as a lay delegate from the Upper Iowa Conference. In January, 1898, he became deputy state superintendent of public instruction under Superintendent R. C. Barrett, serving until January, 1904. The summer of 1905 he purchased the *Audubon Republican*, removed to that city and edited the paper until he sold it in 1911. Having become an owner of farms near Dell Rapids, he made that his home most of the time for the last few years of his life.

JOHN CRAIG BEEM was born in Honey Creek Township, Iowa County, Iowa, April 15, 1858, and died in Waterloo, Iowa, January 29, 1930. His parents were John Craig Beem and Margaret Amanda (Tanner) Beem. He attended common school, Marion, Linn County, High School, and was graduated from the Law Department of the State University of Iowa in 1882. He began the practice of law at Council Bluffs, but soon removed to What Cheer where he served for eight years as city

attorney. In 1887 he was elected representative from Keokuk County, was re-elected in 1889, and again in 1891, serving in the Twenty-second, Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth general assemblies. Politically he was a Democrat and he soon took high rank as a legislator, becoming the recognized leader of his party in the House, especially in his last term of service. In the famous deadlock of 1890 he had a prominent part in the final organization of the House, and became chairman of the Municipal Corporations Committee. He removed to Waterloo in 1908 and entered practice there, served several years as a judge of Police Court, and in 1924 was elected judge of the Municipal Court and was serving in that position at the time of his death.

JOHN FRANKLIN DALTON was born at Wilmot, Kenosha County, Wisconsin, October 22, 1870, and died in Manson, Iowa, September 30, 1928. His parents were John Loftus and Margaret (Boyle) Dalton. The family removed to a farm near Pomeroy, Iowa, in 1875. There the son grew up, attended rural public school and in 1888 began teaching in winters, working on farms in summers. In 1892 he purchased a half interest in the *Manson Plow*, a newspaper of Manson owned by T. B. Lemoine. They changed the name to the *Manson Democrat* and in a few months Mr. Dalton became the sole owner and editor, and so remained until he sold the paper to T. D. Long in 1920. After that Mr. Dalton devoted his time to his calendar and job printing business. He was a natural politician and an able writer. He was chairman of the Democratic Central Committee of Calhoun County for over thirty years, was a member of the Democratic State Central Committee from 1906 to 1912 and its secretary from 1908 to 1912. He was sergeant at arms of the Iowa delegation to several Democratic national conventions.

OLIVER EDWIN HULL was born at Sugarhill, Pennsylvania, March 12, 1866, and died at a hospital in Creston, Iowa, January 25, 1930. Burial was at Leon. When a small boy he was with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Hull, as they removed to Chariton, Iowa. There he grew to manhood. In 1885 he and his father purchased the *Leon Reporter*, and about two years later the son became sole owner and publisher, which he continued to be to the end of his life, making his active editorship of the paper forty-four years. He achieved genuine success in that work, making of the *Reporter* one among the best of Iowa country weeklies. He was a useful citizen of his city and county, helping with public enterprises. He was secretary of the Southern Iowa Editorial Association for many years, and on the organization of the Iowa State Press Association in February, 1915, became its secretary, that service being terminated by his death.

JASON DANIEL BROWNSON was born on a farm near National, Clayton County, Iowa, November 19, 1868, and died in Monona, Clayton

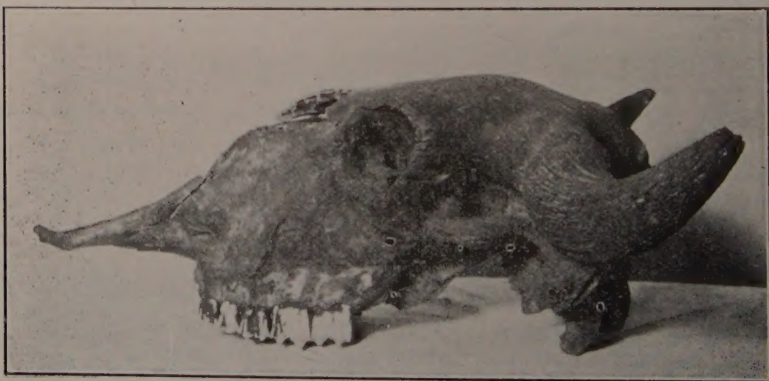
County, April 23, 1929. His parents were Freeman and Lana Brownson. He was graduated in liberal arts from Cornell College, Mount Vernon, in 1892 and from the Medical Department of Northwestern University, Chicago, in 1896. After receiving hospital training in Chicago he located in the practice of medicine at Monona in 1900. He became a member of the local school board, mayor of the town, and was identified with all things progressive, helpful and uplifting to the community. He enlisted in his country's service June 20, 1918, was called to duty August 15 at Camp Greenleaf, Chattanooga, Tennessee, was commissioned captain, and rendered service for about a year in hospitals in the vicinity of Longres, France, was mustered out at New York City and returned to his practice at Monona. His professional and personal qualities greatly endeared him to his community.

HERBERT BARBER BOIES was born in Waterloo, Iowa, May 9, 1867, and died in the same city January 11, 1930. His parents were Horace and Versalia (Barber) Boies. He completed a course in the public schools of Waterloo, was two years in the Liberal Arts Department of the State University, and two years in the Law Department, being graduated from the latter in 1891. He began the practice of his profession with the firm of which his father was the head, Boies (H.), Couch (C. F.) & Boies (E. L.), and continued in active practice until the close of 1914. In November of that year he was elected one of the judges of the Tenth Judicial District, after which he was regularly re-elected. He was a Democrat in politics, but took more interest in his profession than in party matters. In the later campaigns the Republicans of his district, although they were largely in the majority, left a place vacant on their ticket, thereby not opposing his re-elections. He was regarded as a judge of ability and rectitude.

STEPHEN PHELPS was born at Lewiston, Illinois, February 6, 1839, and died in Council Bluffs, Iowa, March 4, 1930. Burial was at Vinton, Iowa. After passing through the schools of Lewiston he was graduated from Jefferson College (now Washington and Jefferson College), Washington, Pennsylvania, in 1859, and from the Western Theological Seminary in 1862. He held pastorates in Sioux City, Iowa, 1862-64; in Waterloo, 1864-71; and in Vinton, 1871-81. From 1881 to 1887 he served as the first president of Coe College. From 1887 to 1897 he had a pastorate at Council Bluffs. He assisted in founding the Omaha Theological Seminary and for a time had a charge at Bellevue, Nebraska, and taught in Bellevue College. In 1916 he retired and lived for some years with a daughter in Vancouver, Washington, and later with a daughter in Council Bluffs. He was twice moderator of the Iowa Synod of the Presbyterian church, and stood high not only with his denomination but with the public.



Front view of buffalo skull found by M. C. Youngblood in Greene County in 1926 and given Iowa State College at Ames by F. H. Osborn.



Side view of the above.